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CONGRESS can hardly be charged with failing to act with the proper rapidity on the bill to create a Reconstruction Finance Corporation, but in this, more than in most cases, speed purchased at the expense of thorough consideration may prove to be rather expensive in the long run. The powers granted to the proposed corporation are extremely broad; it is to make loans to railroads, to banks, to insurance companies, to exporters, and apparently to any business that applies for them. Some of these loans are to be long and some short term. The businesses with which the new corporation are to deal, in short, as well as the types of loans, are so diverse in nature that it may be asked whether, in the interests of sound administration, two or more corporations might not have been proposed instead of one. As no loan under the present bill is to be made to a railroad without the approval of the Interstate Commerce Commission, one wonders whether it would not have been better in the first place to put the entire control of loans to railroads in the hands of a separate corporation conducted by the commission. The loans to banks might also better have been put into the hands of a separate corporation. Further, there should be a much clearer understanding than there is of just what the corporation is or is not going to attempt. It is apparently to make loans only where the Federal Reserve banks, or commercial banks, or private investors will not make them. It is to make loans that even the newly organized National Credit Corporation or the newly organized railroad pool will be unable or unwilling to make. This means that it is bound to have a high proportion of bad loans—that is, a fairly large proportion of the loans will turn out to be gifts, or doles, to industry. The bill itself, however necessary it may now seem to be, is another disturbing example of the naive faith that the federal government, with its own bonds at a discount, and faced by the prospect of a series of unparalleled deficits, can take care of every situation by huge bond issues.

THE HONOLULU AFFAIR is unfortunate from every angle. With the brutal attackers of a woman, whether or not she is white and the wife of an American naval officer, it is not possible to have any sympathy; when there was reason to believe that their trial for criminal assault was conducted half-heartedly by the prosecution and when they were defended—at evidently large expense provided by unknown persons—by the best counsel available in the islands, the result being a hung jury, enormous indignation among American residents was inevitably engendered. But the situation was not helped in the least when the husband and mother of the victim took the law into their own hands, and with the aid of two enlisted men kidnapped one of the men accused and are now charged with his murder. The situation is extremely tense. It is rendered more so by the thoroughly deplorable statement of Admiral William V. Pratt, chief of naval operations. "American men will not stand for the violation of women under any circumstances," said the Admiral. "For this crime they have taken the matter into their own hands repeatedly when they have felt that the law has failed to do justice." This is a plain incitement to riot and lynching, and should be answered at once by a severe official reprimand. In contrast to this intemperate statement is the report of Rear Admiral Yates Stirling, Jr., district commandant. Rear Admiral Stirling details, with admirable restraint and lack of visible prejudice, the attack, the trial, and the subsequent efforts to obtain a more effective city police administration. Denial, meanwhile, has come from physicians at the Honolulu emergency hospital of Admiral Pratt's statement that forty assaults had been committed in the last eleven months. Only two, according to Dr. Thomas Mossman, one of them being the case of Mrs. Massie, have been found to be bona fide cases of rape.

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT'S annual message to the New York Legislature was described in great headlines by the New York City press as showing that the Governor's hat was in the Presidential ring and that he had boldly flung down the gauntlet to the Republican leaders. That was misrepresentation pure and simple, for the message was a politician's document with nothing outspoken in it. It is true that he demanded a new leadership in the country, but if anybody can find a vestige of leadership in this document itself, it is more than we can. What is one to think of a message in which the author says at one moment that we

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must rebuild "our economic and social structure upon a surer foundation," and that the situation calls for the "reconstruction [*sic*] of a better-ordered civilization in which the economic freedom of the individual will be restored," and then goes on to say that the "American system of economics and government is everlasting"? The message is a great disappointment and merely confirms the belief that the Governor is a charming person, an increasingly astute politician, able to pull with reformers, the Republicans, and Tammany Hall, and a man who does not advance the cause of reform one whit. With all due regard for his many fine traits, his amazing courage in the face of personal adversity, we cannot see in Franklin Roosevelt any promise whatever of the leadership in national affairs of which the United States is in need.

THE LATEST Congressional election, that in the First New Hampshire District, resulted in another smashing defeat for the Hoover Administration. By about 3,000 votes, in weather below zero, with the roads blocked by snow, this rock-ribbed Republican district elected a Democrat, William N. Rogers. Five out of the six cities in the district were carried by Mr. Rogers, who is the first Democrat to enter the House from New Hampshire in ten years. During his campaign he freely criticized the Administration, and the paramount issues on both sides were unemployment and the industrial depression. The Administration must be further interested in the outcome because Mr. Rogers stood as an out-and-out wet. For once Senator Simeon Fess, Mr. Hoover's chairman of the National Republican Committee, did not come out and say that the election was, everything considered, really a vindication for the President. The gloom at Republican headquarters was apparently too much for his usual outburst of Pollyanna nonsense.

SECRETARY STIMSON appeared before the House Committee on Foreign Affairs on January 6 and assured it that "there is no gentleman or lady member of our delegation [to Geneva] who is either a man or woman of imperialistic tendencies. On the contrary, they are the most practical pacifists I know, sir." He is entitled to his opinion, but it cannot change ours that we have yet to perceive in any of their actions or utterances either true pacifism or practical leadership in the direction of disarmament or peace. We rejoice to hear him say that "the conference carries the hope of the peace-loving people of the entire world," and that when it meets in Geneva it will realize that "something must be done or the state of the whole world will be dashed into a disastrous condition." The day before, Mr. Stimson's colleague, Secretary Adams, was being challenged before the House Naval Committee to explain why it was that he and the Navy Department were urging a ten-year program to build 120 warships at a cost of $616,000,000 so as to bring our navy up to the highest limit allowed by our treaty stipulations. In self-defense Secretary Adams declared that he was not disloyal to Mr. Hoover but represented Mr. Hoover's point of view. This is quite characteristic of the mental confusion of the Hoover Administration. The President has repeatedly demanded disarmament and at the same time urges that we build a larger fleet even in this time of economic disaster and of national deficit. Mr. Stimson, too, weakens our position by stating that our navy is already limited by international agreement and that we have reduced our army to such figures that "no foreign statesman could with a straight face say that it could be regarded as a menace to anybody."

THE STIMSON NOTE to Japan and China has served to clarify the official American attitude toward the Manchurian problem, though the extravagant interpretation placed on the note abroad has tended to obscure the real purpose of the communication. According to this interpretation, Secretary Stimson has invoked the Nine-Power Treaty against Japan. Such is the view held in Geneva, Nanking, and elsewhere, but not, be it noted, in Tokio or Washington. A more careful reading of the document reveals it as a reminder to both Japan and China that whatever happens in Manchuria the United States intends to defend its treaty and other rights in that territory. A supplementary explanation by the State Department upholds this view. In this statement the department said that "we have no desire to question Japan's legitimate treaty rights in Manchuria," or "to intrude ourselves into any settlement which Japan and China may make of their present unhappy difficulties" so long as that settlement "does not impair our rights or our citizens' rights in China" and is "not achieved by a violation of the methods agreed to in the Kellogg pact." It may safely be said that in its Manchurian policy the State Department has placed American rights before all else, giving the Kellogg pact only secondary consideration. The department obviously does not intend to interfere in any arrangement whereby the sovereignty of Manchuria might be transferred to Japan, if that transfer is made peacefully, and if provision is made to maintain our traditionally cherished "open-door" policy in Manchuria.

THE STRAW VOTE taken by the council of the National Economic League among its members throws an extremely interesting sidelight on the present state of a rather liberal section of "expert" opinion on the leading economic issues that confront the country. On the question of war debt, it is interesting to learn that among the 1,607 ballots returned by its membership of 5,000, only 14 per cent favored complete cancelation of the war debts and only 32 per cent favored reduction, with 41 per cent favoring a further postponement and 13 per cent voting against any further action at all. The vote of the League's special committee of thirty-seven members, made up partly of industrialists and more largely of academic economists, revealed a more advanced opinion on these questions. Forty-four per cent voted for cancelation and 32 per cent for reduction, a total of 76 per cent for either one course or the other, as compared with an actual minority for either course on the part of the national council. On the tariff, 75 per cent of the membership of the council voted in favor of immediate reduction; thirty-three of the members of the special committee also voted for immediate reduction, while only three favored keeping the rates as they are at present and no member voted for an increase. It is significant that 83 per cent of the ballots favored a national economic advisory council "to suggest policies for promoting the economic betterment of the country," and that 85 per cent voted in favor of a proposal to amend the anti-trust laws to allow, with certain safeguards, business concerns "to enter into contracts for the purpose of equalizing production and consumption."

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THE DELUSION PERSISTS, and under the impulsion of the depression gains ground, that low wages are an appropriate corollary of low prices. But new support has been given to the advocates of high wages by a costly and painstaking survey recently completed by the International Labor Office, which was financed by Edward A. Filene through the Twentieth Century Fund, of which he is president. The survey took two years to finish, and covered fourteen European cities. Its purpose was to discover the amount it would cost workmen in these cities, under the special conditions of each locality, to achieve the same standard of living as a Ford laborer in Detroit. This study reveals that the disparity in prices between this and foreign countries does not by any means account for the difference in wages. In fact, living costs in Stockholm were found to be in excess of those in Detroit. The real advantage possessed by the American worker is the growth of machine production, scientific management, large-scale distribution, and efficient labor, which makes the cost of many common articles lower here than similar goods abroad. The moral is, of course, as pointed out by Dr. Leo Wolman in analyzing the survey, that "high wages are not incompatible with low prices." Dr. Joseph H. Willits, of the University of Pennsylvania, also declared, "Certainly no great national prosperity can ever be founded upon low wages." We recommend the I. L. O. report to those hard-boiled "realists" in industry who leap instantly toward their pay rolls whenever conditions furnish the merest semblance of an excuse to dock their men.

JULIUS ROSENWALD was not only a pioneer in developing the highly useful mail-order house for general merchandising, he was also a notable philanthropist with a large sense of responsibility to the community. The latter is not too often found among men of wealth, despite our Carnegies, our Rockefellers, our Harknesses, and many others. The known gifts of Mr. Rosenwald total $62,000,000, a sum which by no means covers the amount of his giving. To our mind his greatest benefaction was the aid extended by him to Negro education in the South. No less than 5,500 schools for Negroes have been erected, chiefly in rural communities, as a result of his offer to give a certain sum if the communities involved would raise the rest needed. That this meant double taxation for the Negroes is true; they paid their taxes and got no schools, and then when Mr. Rosenwald came along they had to put their hands in their pockets and raise the money for what should have been given to them as a matter of course. It is pleasant to add that in these undertakings the Negroes were constantly helped by generous and sympathetic white neighbors, occasionally by official bodies in the community. The result has been a marvelous increase in primary educational opportunities for colored people. This was only one phase of a life of extraordinary generosity; it must not be forgotten that Mr. Rosenwald played a remarkably useful role during the war as a member of the advisory commission of industrial experts in connection with the War Department, at the head of the division of food, clothing, and kindred supplies. That he gave of himself and his means without stint to civic enterprises in Chicago, where he made his home, goes without saying.

If Germany Cannot Pay

CHANCELLOR Brüning has declared that Germany can no longer pay reparations. His frank statement, though it did not come as a surprise, has brought about a new crisis in European affairs. It is not enough for German foreign-office spokesmen to explain that Brüning was merely reiterating Germany's position, which they say has long been known to foreign diplomats in Berlin. This is the first time that any responsible German official has publicly announced that Germany cannot continue to pay. It must be noted, however, that Brüning did not specifically repudiate the reparations agreement; he did not say that Germany will not pay. This is important because it has disarmed the extremists in some of the creditor countries in Europe who would like nothing better than to be furnished with an excuse for applying sanctions against Germany, that is to say, an excuse for reoccupying the industrial areas of western Germany. Brüning's announcement was apparently intended to prepare world opinion for the position the German delegation will take at the Lausanne conference. But it has had the effect of awakening new suspicions among the creditor Powers, especially France and Belgium.

In recent months nationalist sentiment in France had been appreciably weakened by the drastic inroads the economic depression has been making in that country. Not only the radicals of the left but even moderate newspapers and the leaders of the moderate political parties were beginning to ask whether the most practical way out of France's and Europe's difficulties did not lie in a general cancelation of all international financial obligations inherited from the war. That Premier Laval was not blind to this development was shown by his efforts to reconstruct his Cabinet so as to give the left increased representation, a move that could only have resulted in modifying the French attitude toward reparations. But with the publication of Brüning's announcement a decided reaction has set in. The press and the political leaders who recently were discussing cancelation are now insisting that France cannot afford to let reparations be dropped altogether. Had Brüning waited with his announcement until the opening of the Lausanne conference, he probably would have had to deal with a French delegation more than willing to listen to reason. He may now have to face a group opposed to any substantial change in the Young Plan, though perhaps willing to grant an extension of the moratorium.

Whatever position the French take, it appears from Premier MacDonald's statement of January 10 that the British will be inclined to support Brüning at Lausanne, but probably not to the extent of approving any move for complete cancelation. In any case it seems certain, to judge from both the British and French reaction to the Brüning statement, that neither delegation will accept any plan that does not provide for the scaling down or outright cancelation of European debts to the United States. Thus Brüning has virtually called upon Europe to choose between crushing Germany and repudiating the war debts owed us. There can be little doubt which course Europe will choose in its extremity.

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The Madness of Great Britain

THE Union Jack flies over the buildings of the Indian National Congress but it stays there more as an emblem of dishonor than of victory. A campaign of ruthless repression has been instituted; "nowhere else in civilized or semi-civilized lands," says the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* justifiably, "is there such a terroristic regime. . . . Crimes that are not crimes are being punished with amazing severity." Gandhi is treated kindly in his prison, though his deportation, recently demanded by British Tories, is being darkly hinted. Not only have funds of the Congress been confiscated; banking institutions in which Nationalist money had been deposited have been ordered to withhold payment. One after another the leaders of the rebel movement, no matter how non-violent, have been imprisoned at hard labor. The use of the mails and wires has been denied. Freedom of expression is dead. Every chance meeting place of rebellious Indians has been closed. Native ambulances are outlawed. Peaceful picketing is proscribed; children are not exempted from arrest and imprisonment; and the sound of *lathis* falling on Nationalist heads, however innocent of reprisal may be the non-resistant victims, calls forth hallelujahs from the more vindictive British press. Even the shooting of demonstrators—which happily does not parallel as yet the excesses of the previous clashes—is hailed by British officialdom as deplorable but necessary. And worst of all, judges are empowered to pass any sentence, even the death penalty, upon anyone violating the restrictive ordinances, this savage "justice" not requiring the personal presence of the defendant or any evidence beyond a brief description of the "crime." Well may Rabindranath Tagore, who has not always agreed with Gandhi, not to mention the National Congress as a whole, castigate "the primitive lawlessness of our lawmakers."

If jails enough do not exist to contain the Indians who are perfectly willing to fill them for their cause—60,000 Nationalists were confined at one time in 1930—Britain possesses islands in abundance where the casualties of her imperialism may be domiciled. The reckless use of force may, indeed, succeed in clamping down an outward "peace" while the committees authorized by Prime Minister MacDonald draw up a pseudo-constitutional outline of "self-government." But will this be victory for Britain? Can she carry conviction anywhere regarding her declared purpose of instituting a "new deal" in India, when she is obliged to ram it down the throats of an unwilling Indian majority, and by methods hardly removed from medieval barbarism?

The severity, the punishments, the vindictiveness are all evidences of a bad conscience and a hopeless cause. The failure of violence in the face of non-violent resistance has already been amply demonstrated. Gandhi almost at once has won a series of important triumphs. He has convinced the world that the dissatisfaction with British policy and the hand-picked Round Table conferences is not limited to small groups of chronic fanatics, but wells up from the hearts of aspiring millions. He has destroyed the efforts of propaganda to picture him as insincere and—to quote the words of the conservative *Observer*—as "one of the wiliest tacticians alive," filled with "personal hatred of the British regime" that is "senseless and implacable." By the smug scoffers who welcomed him to London (where he was well received by most) he can hardly now be labeled as one "chiefly to be remembered as the man who tried to defy the British climate with a loin-cloth." He has won back the loyal support of his eldest son, Harilal, who has hitherto opposed his policies—a conquest that may have its repercussions on the Indian youth movements. The All-Indian Moslem Congress, which a short time ago was opposing him, has split wide open, and what appears to be a substantial section, if not a majority, has swung behind the non-violent revolt. The Calcutta Corporation by a vote of twenty-seven to fifteen has adjourned as "a protest against the reactionary and oppressive policy." The *hartals,* or suspensions of all normal business and social activity, have closed down shops in the cities and caused commercial havoc. No less a figure than E. C. Benthal, described in dispatches as "president of the foremost European firm in India," has addressed a protest to Premier MacDonald against the Viceroy's crucial refusal to discuss the new repressive measures with Mahatma Gandhi.

The chief strength of Gandhi lies in his integrity of character; the chief weakness of the British raj is its patent willingness to use whatever means it can to impose its will. But the most immediately practical instrument for Indian freedom is the boycott. Indubitably, the boycott this time will be more effective than before. And the effects of previous boycotts have been devastating, although Indian enthusiasts are sometimes inclined to forget the general depression and attribute the decline in volume of business entirely to their efforts. Yet the mill-owners of Lancashire have not been howling at nothing. No amount of ferocity can make Indians purchase British goods. In March, 1931, for example, when Gandhi was out of jail but the boycott still prevailed, imports of cotton yarn and manufactures decreased $13,000,000 as compared with March, 1930. Imports of gray cotton cloth went down from $7,000,000 to $1,000,000; white goods dropped from $5,000,000 to $2,000,000; and colored goods fell from $3,000,000 to $1,500,000. Associated Press reports disclose that business in Bombay is about 25 per cent of normal, that the exchanges for cotton, bullion, seeds, stocks, and piece goods have been shut down, and that "not one yard of British cloth has been sold in the Bombay wholesale market, which supplies the greater part of India."

Gandhi, however, relies not only on the boycott and other forms of non-violent coercion, not only upon world opinion outside of Britain, but upon the self-respect and conscience of the British people. We await with eager hope a sturdy cry within Great Britain for a cessation of the brutalities in India; we long for a demand that Gandhi and the Nationalists be freed and invited to state their terms anew, and those terms be met by a generosity on the part of Great Britain far less costly than the madness of her present policy. Short of this, the frail but mighty man who calmly spins and prays within the confines of Yerovda prison will shame the British people for all time.

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Foreign Loans

NEVER has a mistaken government policy revenged itself so quickly and so completely upon its authors as has that of the State Department in reserving to itself the right to pass upon proposed international loans. We do not know whether it was the international bankers who first suggested this viséing of foreign loans by the government, or whether it was the bright idea of Secretary Hughes, nor do we care. When the policy was first announced we protested against it to the best of our ability. But the authorities were sure that they were right in thus supervising private business which might lead to international complications (which was all the more amusing since the practice began under President Harding and Secretary of Commerce Hoover, whose slogan was "Less government in business and more business in government"). Thus, they said, they could protect American citizens from unwise investments and could decide whether from the political point of view an investment in a given country was or was not unwise or inopportune. As time went on the practice became a precedent, an established policy, and the State Department was so sure of its own wisdom in the matter that it would not even listen to protests that came to it from at least one other department of the government, that of Commerce. Naturally, the bankers were in the main delighted by the arrangement. If now and again they were disappointed in not having certain issues approved, on the other hand they gained enormously by being able to go to their customers and say: "This issue is approved by the United States government, which is especially anxious that our citizens should not invest in bonds of a dubious character." Of course the government never went as far as that, and the bankers did not often put into writing anything so categorical. But the effect was the same.

As the years went on, the State Department was more than ever satisfied. It could keep Americans from lending money to Russia or to other countries on the black books of the government; it had gained additional political power. Things were exceedingly prosperous, our business was on the upswing, and everybody was happy. Then the depression set in and the whole situation changed. American investors wanted to know why it was that the South American loans, which the State Department had approved, defaulted to the extent of $815,000,000. Of course the State Department explained again that it had never passed on the worth of the loans, but had merely certified that there was no political or international objection to them. But the investor had naturally not looked upon the government's specification as being thus limited. Now it even appears that various loans were approved by the State Department over the protest of the Department of Commerce for purely political reasons. Thus, when the commercial attaché in Colombia reported to the Department of Commerce that "Colombia is running wild on borrowing," that information did not prevent the State Department from approving an extension of a short-term credit of $20,000,000. Again, in the case of a Bolivian loan of $23,000,000, made in the United States in 1928, an official of the Department of Commerce protested to the State Department, but was finally induced to consent because "at that particular moment our diplomatic relations with Latin America were a little upset. . . . As I recall the State Department said that it might result in embarrassment [in view of the approaching Pan-American Conference] if we turned down this loan proposition." So there you have it clearly; no consideration of the merits of the loan, no thought of American investors; just a decision based upon the sheerest political expediency, and stupid expediency at that. Of course the procedure was contrary to law, and it was moreover in defiance of a Senate resolution passed two years ago calling upon the State Department to desist, a resolution which Secretary Stimson practically said he would ignore.

As for the international bankers who have testified, we cannot see that they have added or detracted very much from the picture we already had. There was too much dwelling upon their own excellent motives, especially in the case of Mr. Kahn. James Speyer was refreshingly frank in saying that his firm was out to make money, that its profits were regrettably low, and that it had suffered with its clients through the depreciation of some of the securities it floated. Even here there is nothing new, though some of the Washington correspondents seem to think that there was never any unsuccessful flotation of foreign securities until recently. One need only think of Mexico and the Mexican railways to recall how bonds sponsored by the Morgans and Mr. Speyer's banking house were ruined by the revolutions which followed the end of the Díaz regime. The history of international banking contains many similar episodes. The bankers who deal in international securities are just what they have always been, men out to make as much money as they possibly can, often of limited vision and little understanding of the risks they are taking and the internal conditions of the countries to which they are lending American money; often heedless or unaware of the grave international complications they are invoking. It is not a pretty picture.

Scottsboro, Alabama

ON April 9, 1931, the last of eight boys was convicted of rape in Alabama. They were and are minors; they are Negroes; their alleged victims are white women. The trial, according to friendly and unfriendly reports at the time, was conducted with an accompaniment of obvious local prejudice of the most violent sort. Rape in Alabama is punishable with death. The boys were accordingly sentenced to the electric chair and the date of execution was set at July 10 last. However, notice of appeal was duly filed by counsel for the defense, the day of execution was postponed, and the appeal for reversal of the conviction is to be heard January 21 in the Alabama Supreme Court.

These facts about the Scottsboro case, by now promising to become as celebrated as the Sacco-Vanzetti case in Massachusetts or the Leo Frank case in Georgia, are indisputable. Would that other aspects of the situation were equally plain! For almost from the moment of conviction of the defendants, the unfortunate Negro boys, illiterate, ignorant, helpless, with their equally helpless parents, have been the pawns in a furious battle between two organizations, each, according to its contention, desirous only of saving them from death in the electric chair. We have no

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intention of going into the contradictory and acrimonious details of the quarrel between the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and the International Labor Defense over who should act as defense counsel in the case. Each side believes the other guilty of misrepresentation and duplicity. Each has been actually guilty of calling names and an attempt to elbow out the other. In a controversy as heated as this has now become it is impossible to take the word of either at its face value or to determine calmly and with assurances of accuracy where the truth lies. It is a fact that the National Association has finally—if anything in the case can be considered final—withdrawn, that Clarence Darrow, Arthur Garfield Hays, and Roderick Beddow, engaged by that association as defense counsel, have also withdrawn, and that as a result the International Labor Defense alone will argue the appeal.

If the merits of the quarrel cannot be discussed in the space which *The Nation* by any conceivable act of generosity could give to it, it is possible to discuss the difference of tactics out of which the quarrel arose and the attitude of mind which each organization displayed and will doubtless continue to display. The N. A. A. C. P. is an organization with a long record of successful championship of Negro rights, particularly in the conduct of court cases. Its membership and its administration are liberal, it is interested in civil liberty for Negroes, it believes in the orderly procedure of protest, newspaper publicity, and legal defense to secure the rights to which Negroes, as well as whites, are entitled. Often it has found that it could best conduct cases relating to Negroes in the South by minimizing its own participation in the cases, believing that white Southern antagonism to a Northern Negro organization would be lessened and the individual Negro victim in question have a better day in court thereby. It successfully carried through to the United States Supreme Court the Arkansas riot cases, the decision of which will be the guiding decision in case either the Alabama Supreme Court or the final federal tribunal decides to reverse the Scottsboro conviction.

What of the International Labor Defense? This organization declares that in the present case it wishes sincerely and solely to save the Negro defendants from execution. To that end, however, it invokes not only the time-honored methods of newspaper publicity and legal action, but it brings in the more complicated issue of the class struggle. The Negro boys are the exploited members of the working class; they are ignorant and poor because the workers are at the mercy of the ruling group; the workers, therefore, by mass-meeting, mass protest, telegrams and letters of disapproval, are urged to register as loudly and as widely as possible their championship of these unfortunate Negro workers and to demand that justice be done them.

This, in brief, expresses the attitudes of the two contending organizations. It is not necessary to take sides with either in order to point out that when principles are so heatedly held and so ardently fought for, the main point at issue, which is that eight black boys less than twenty-one years old shall not be electrocuted for a crime they have by no means been proved to have committed, is likely to be somewhat overlooked. The boys are not in any way able to defend themselves. In shouldering the grave responsibility for their defense the I. L. D. may rest assured that many thousands of persons will watch the case with anxious eyes.

The Art and Mystery of Publishing

MR. O. H. CHENEY, former vice-president of the Irving Trust Company, called in by a group of publishers to diagnose and prescribe for a book business that is not as well as might be, has turned in a 150,000-word report that represents probably the most thorough analysis of the American book business ever made. While the report does not say anything that is completely novel to those within the trade, it does compile statistics that are certain to astonish the average layman. Mr. Cheney finds that less than half of the books on the list of the average publisher produce nearly 90 per cent of his revenue. Statistics on new fiction show that while nine novels in ten sell more than 1,000 copies in their first year, only five in ten sell more than 4,000 copies, only two in ten more than 10,000, and only one in ten more than 20,000. New non-fiction titles are even greater risks, with only six in ten selling more than 1,000 copies, only two in ten more than 3,000, and only one in ten reaching a sale of more than 6,000. Mr. Cheney finds that "the profits of the publishers show an instability second only to that of the returns of the theatrical producers," and concludes that the high percentage of unsuccessful books on the publishers' lists is the result of a policy "subject only to the laws of black magic."

Without attempting here to comment on Mr. Cheney's report as a whole, it is necessary to make certain warnings about it. Mr. Cheney may be entirely right when he argues that the book business is being run chiefly by "economic illiterates" and "incurable romantics," but it is certainly to be hoped that the book business never becomes entirely business-like—at least in the sense in which most other businesses are business-like. The best publishers have always been willing to accept some volumes, not primarily because they thought they would sell, but because they were proud to publish them, even though they were certain in many cases that they would lose money by doing so. This is not to imply that only bad books sell well; for if that were so, the publisher's problem, from the commercial side, would be as simple as if only good books sold well. The problem is simply that there does not appear to be the slightest correlation between the sales of a book and its goodness or badness. Good books sell well and bad books sell well; bad books fail and good books fail. True, certain kinds of goodness in books, as well as certain kinds of badness, achieve a high percentage of success, and a shrewd publisher can guess better on these matters than a stupid one. But the publishing business is essentially a gambling business and likely always to remain one. Intelligence, wide knowledge, and personal discernment will be the chief requirements of the successful publisher in the future as in the past; and Mr. Cheney is profoundly mistaken if he supposes that there are any "scientific" methods of determining in advance what a mercurial book-buying public is going to like. Not while the list of the six best-selling non-fiction books contains "The Stag at Eve" cheek by jowl with James Truslow Adams's "The Epic of America," and makes bedfellows of Eugene O'Neill's "Mourning Becomes Electra" and Culbertson's "Blue Book."

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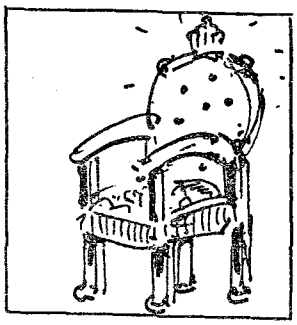
Speaking of Revolution . . .

By HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON



I MUST confess that Mr. Ochs's well-known and justly celebrated Sunday supplement gives me great satisfaction. I refuse to wade through his bales of printed matter. He has reduced newspaper writing to the point of anonymity where it is difficult to differentiate it from sheer inanity. He gives us all the facts fit to print. A warehouse containing fifty thousand cans of embalmed chicken bouillon may claim to give us all the soup fit to eat, but I will pass up on that meal and let Luigi get me a single bowl of *potage santé,* flavored after my own taste and seasoned by his own amiable philosophy of life.

But when it comes to the "pittures"—ah, then we are talking! Or rather the pictures are talking. Not as mere works of the photographer's art, for most of them are exceedingly dull, badly posed, and quite inferior to the art work of the two magazine sections. But for their silent comment upon many interesting little items never mentioned in the news paragraphs, with the headlines Paris or Shanghai or Westchester County, those pictures deserve to be studied much more carefully than is usually the case.

Take the value of these pictorial records as little straws which show the way the wind is blowing. At first the Japanese were preparing for war. The pictures showed us Japanese troops bringing in Chinese prisoners of war, duly garbed in what we were led to believe were regular Chinese uniforms. That was in the days when we still vaguely remembered that a certain ex-Secretary of State by the name of Frank Kellogg had received the Nobel prize for his famous "pact." We did not quite remember what this "pact" had been but it was something in the nature of an international safety-valve. As soon as a number of people got up so much steam that war threatened, there was a loud phoooo-eeeee, and the Kellogg pact automatically made an end to the disturbance and prevented an explosion.

But somehow or other the Kellogg safety-valve failed to function. Everybody was too polite or too much lacking in honesty to say anything about mere "scraps of paper." Washington ceased to send notes to Tokio about the small barrel of treaties and conventions that had been dropped into the Yellow Sea, and the Japanese Ambassador reassured his dear friends, both north and south of the Potomac, that the whole Manchurian business was nothing but a highly necessary bit of house-cleaning, like that funny little expedition of ours in Nicaragua. "Bandits, Your Excellency and citizens of the great Republic. Just a few bandits and hoodlums."

And behold, the next week the bandits actually made their appearance in the pictorial supplements. Villainous-looking ruffians, scowling gangsters, heavily manacled and closely guarded by neat and spruce Japanese soldiers doing a turn at "police duty."

By now the Manchurian bandit season is in full swing. Several army corps have apparently been mobilized to chase a few dozen bandits. The navy is on the job to bombard the bandits at long range. Guns are being unloaded to protect the trenches from bandit raids. *Liebesgaben* are being dispatched to the front. The Japanese Red Cross is having its lotus day. The imperial family is presenting gumdrops to victims of the bandits. And the inevitable O-Toyo-San has committed the inevitable hara-kiri that her soldier husband may not be held by domestic ties from chasing bandits.

And now we turn to the second section. There has been a revolution in Spain. When that revolution took place, the papers dug into their morgue and showed us Alfonso *aetat.* one, two, three, four, five, etc., etc., up to forty-nine. (We are contemporaries and how I used to envy him when his pictures first appeared upon the stamps.) There was one taken when the Hapsburg Hopeful got engaged. You may remember the picture. Alfonso, very Hapsburgish, in a uniform and a riding whip, sitting on a chair, and the lovely English bride with a sailor hat (Queen Mary, vintage 1905) standing right behind him. When that picture reappeared in April of last year, I heard a great deal of comment. After all, what could one have expected of a sovereign who quietly sat on his chair while his affianced bride had to do the standing? I remember that I took the monarch's side. I had just discovered that he was a direct descendant in the twelfth degree of that William of Orange whom his great-great-great-grandfather Philip had ordered to be murdered by a hired assassin. In a way, that made him a compatriot. And I took his side and said that it was an old Spanish custom to have your picture taken that way. But I was squelched, so to speak, by the general indignation of all those present. Yet there was one consolation, so the leader of the opposition declared—Spain was now a republic and woman would at last come into her own.

I hereby offer a vote of thanks to Mr. Ochs for his latest contribution to the debate. He brings us a picture of the first President of Spain and his children, taken in the palace where the pantry is still filled with the latest royally ordered groceries. It is a grand picture. All the Zamora men comfortably seated on the royal chairs and all the Zamora women, uncomfortably erect on their republican legs, standing dutifully behind dear papa and the dear brothers.

A great many things happen in this world but one thing always remains the same—someone is forever sitting on a chair and someone is forever standing behind a chair. Sometimes the two change places, but the chair remains the same.

And all the revolutions in the world cannot change that fact—unless we destroy the chair; and then everybody must stand. That, indeed, is a solution, but if you will pardon me—a hell of a solution!

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Patient Germany

By HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

Nürnberg, December 23

THE Germans are making brave but rather pitiful preparations to celebrate a cheerless Christmas. As they look forward into the new year, the prospect is one of unrelieved blackness, and not a person with whom I have talked sees a ray of light ahead. Yet after they have told you their personal troubles and perhaps have indicated something of the difficulties that hem in their beloved Fatherland, then almost always, with that incredible patience of theirs, they add a last word: "Hoffentlich geht's besser." Yes, for the sake of Germany and all the rest of the world, it is to be hoped that it will go better, but when and how and whither?

I have just been reading in the press the latest quarterly report of the Institut für Konjunkturforschung, perhaps the best-known German scientific institution for the study of the contemporary economic situation. It ends with December 14, and contains practically final estimates for the year 1931. Its sober statements of fact and opinion are enough to make Moscow chortle with joy. Despite its cheerlessness, it has the advantage of putting the German situation in its place as part of the world picture.

Let us first glance at the setting. The Institute's index of world industrial production, based on the output of 1928 as 100, fell from 83.3 in June of the present year to 79.4 in October. In other words, the world's factories are now turning out a fifth less of actual goods than they were producing three years ago. The Institute figures the fall of prices in the present down-swing at almost 40 per cent, or nearly twice as much as in the period of sharpest price decline during the past sixty years, namely, in the crisis of 1920-21. From 1925 to October of the present year, it finds, the buying power of gold nearly doubled, standing now appreciably above the level of 1913. But instead of the world's money capital having accumulated as a result of the contraction of the past two years, so as to give an impulse for a new upward swing of industry, it declares that the credit resources of the world have been exhausted, and that we are at present, accordingly, in a genuine financial crisis. Every such crisis, according to past experience, ushers in a period of liquidation. The Institute sees no hope in a prolongation of frozen credits, nor does it believe that the transforming of short credits into long ones alone will do much good. The fall of prices must be ended; "therefore, above all, the deflation process must be brought to a stop," and within the gold-standard system the initiative can come only from the creditor countries. On their credit policy, therefore, will depend the development of world economy during the coming months—which would seem to put a heavy responsibility on the statesmen and bankers of the United States and France.

Within this general framework what picture does this report paint of the German situation? The crisis, it declares, has more and more grown out of the realm of the conjunctural and fortuitous. The events in the exchange market, as well as the fall of prices of securities, goods, and real estate, have affected the very fundamentals of currency and credit administration, which stand in pressing need of thoroughgoing reform. The shattering of credit during the summer gave German production and trade a further shove downhill. Industrial output has declined since July by 8.9 per cent. No one thinks of investing any new capital, and even the ordinary necessary replacement of machinery and equipment is increasingly neglected. With all this, the number of bankruptcies has now surpassed the figures of the disastrous winter of 1925-26, being estimated for the present year at no less than 17,000.

Coming to that which more intimately touches popular well-being, the total income of the German people, which in the prosperous year 1928 is estimated to have reached 75,400,000,000 marks and in 1929, 76,200,000,000 marks, fell in 1930 to a figure of from 68,000,000,000 to 70,000,000,000 marks, and in the present year to only 50,000,000,000 to 60,000,000,000 marks—a catastrophic drop of from a fifth to a third within three years. Nor is this simply a decline in money income; it means real goods. The industrial production of the present year is 30 per cent lower than that of 1928, while the volume of building has fallen from 8,900,000,000 marks in 1928 to 4,500,000,000 in 1931, or practically one-half. The unemployed, whose average number in 1928 was 1,391,000, count not less than 4,600,000 on the average for the present year. Of the 21,000,000 workers in Germany, 5,000,000 are now out of work, and the Institute figures on an increase of 750,000 to 1,000,000 during the winter months. Small wonder that the turnover of goods has declined from 134,100,000,000 marks in 1928 to 105,000,000,000 in 1931. Figures such as these tell their own story to anyone who is acquainted with the meaning of statistical material, and is even slightly conversant with the modest standard of comfort attained by the German people in the very best of times.

When we turn to the statistics of foreign trade, another set of interesting and important facts emerges. The figures for the past five years (in billions of marks) are as follows:

	Imports	*Exports*	*Balance*
1927	13.8	11.0	—2.8
1928	13.6	12.4	—1.2
1929	13.4	13.5	+0.1
1930	10.4	12.0	+1.6
1931	6.7	9.6	+2.9

During 1927 and 1928 the stream of foreign capital was flowing merrily in; it enabled Germany not only to make "reparation" "payments" (I use both quotes advisedly) but also to buy imports in excess of the value of her exports. As that stream gradually dried up and became insufficient to do more than cover the tribute the Germans had to pay, exports in 1929 balanced imports, and last year, primarily in consequence of the sharp cutting of imports, there was a "favorable" trade balance of 1,600,000,000 marks. This year there has been a disastrous shrinkage of both export and import trade, so that great numbers of trading firms are ruined—but the export balance has jumped to 2,900,000,-

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000 marks, representing a genuine payment of interest and "reparations." But it ought never to be forgotten that up to the last two years, in consequence of the rapid inflow of foreign capital, the Germans never actually paid a dollar of the money tribute that was levied on them—that is, paid it in the sense of discharging an obligation and getting rid of it. They simply paid with borrowed money, mortgaging their patrimony and their future ever more deeply in the process. The attempt to make actual payments during the past two years, under existing price relations, has brought German finances and the German government to the existing state of virtual bankruptcy.

But there is no possibility, German financial conditions entirely aside, of a continuation of the recently existing trade situation, in which the world has been getting some blood out of the German turnip. German exports, which were at the low level of 865,800,000 marks in October, pitched downward to 738,200,000 marks in November, the favorable trade balance falling by just the same amount, 127,000,000 marks. Of the export decline, not more than a third is due to seasonal influences. For the rest, it is the countries that have gone off the gold standard that show, as would be expected, the sharpest fall in their takings of German goods, and now the German exporters stand face to face with what is to them the greatest of trade terrors, a British protective tariff. Small wonder that *Der Tag,* in a front-page article on the subject in its issue of December 16, declares that if the possibility of paying German debts by selling German goods abroad is to be lessened by unfavorable exchange developments and trade restrictions, then Germany may be obliged itself to limit imports in order to maintain its favorable trade balance, "which is necessary in order to guarantee the stability of its currency and to defend it successfully against all attacks from without." Was ever a people more successfully shut up in a squirrel cage and made to run faster and faster for the sake of getting nowhere?

I have made no mention of the Brüning Government's astounding Emergency Decree of December 8, which deserves a volume to itself. Various of the other newspapers share the judgment of *Vorwärts* that it is the sharpest and most comprehensive interference that has ever been made in economic life by a capitalistic state. Interest, rents, wages, and prices are all to be lowered arbitrarily in varying amounts under varying conditions. Everybody is to be better off, and nobody is to be worse off, and apparently it has not occurred to anybody to ask what it is all about. If capitalists by some mysterious hocus-pocus are to be compensated for lower interest and landlords for lower rents by lower prices, and employing business men for lower prices by lower interest and rents and wages, and laborers for lower wages by lower prices and rents, just where does anybody get off this astonishing merry-go-round? The whole thing is senseless except in its relation to politics, reparations, and foreign trade. If it means anything real at all, it means a desperate effort to cut costs by fiat, thus making possible more exports and therefore more payments of interest and tribute. The throwing into the scales of "Brüning's last reserve" by the raising of the sales tax from 0.85 per cent to 2 per cent in the effort to balance the budget is also, according to the Chancellor's own statement, a springboard for the reparation and debt negotiations. What the actual results of the Emergency Decree are to be, nobody actually knows; what we do know is that it cannot materially increase the ability of the German people to meet foreign obligations.

Meanwhile the Price Commissioner, Dr. Goerdeler, Leipzig's popular Oberbürgermeister, has gone busily to work; various of the cities have already reduced street-car fares and prices of gas and electricity; and arbitrators are busy cutting wages to the decreed level of January, 1927, from which point they had risen considerably by 1930, only to fall again in the present year. In November the wages of skilled male workers in a few of the leading occupations were as follows, stated in marks per hour: coal miners, 1.06; metal workers, 0.89; chemical workers, 1.03; building workers, 1.13; printers, 1.10; textile workers, 0.72; brewery workers, 1.22. Thus the brewery workers, the best-paid of the list, are getting about 29 cents an hour; the textile workers 17 cents, when they have any work. These wages will be reduced from January 1 in amounts estimated at from 8 to 15 per cent in various trades. The decision of the arbitrators in the Rhenish-Westphalian iron industry, the first to be announced for a great industrial district, reduces the wages of skilled workers to 70 pfennigs (about 17 cents) per hour, those of helpers to 55 pfennigs (13 cents). In the light of such figures, there is little need for comment on the possibility of fresh taxes and renewed reparation payments.

And what are the German people doing? For the most part, patiently enduring their privations. For five months I have lived among them, seeing something of almost all classes except the little handful of the rich. I have seen a young miner who has had no work for five years and who has no hope of getting a job again—ever. His father was killed in a mine accident, so his mother draws a pension of thirty marks a month, of which she pays eight for rent. He draws no unemployment benefit, because he is supposed to live with his mother! No wonder he is a Communist. I have seen a well-to-do man of fifty, formerly the proprietor of a good business, now gone. He owns his own house, and the older two of his three children have good positions. They live comfortably, but I notice that in the cold of the North German winter my friend always carries his hands in his pockets. He has no gloves. I have seen a delightful student, the son of a professor, in the last year of a technical college. He had been saving out of his allowance for half a year to get his watch repaired, and had finally given it up. It would have cost seven or eight marks. I will not multiply instances. The three trifling ones I have given suggest the kind of thing I find wherever I go in Germany, with whatever people I talk. They have forgotten about luxuries—a bookbinder told me the other day that in seven years he had had orders for just three leather bindings—and now they are schooling themselves to cut down the necessaries. Patient Germany!

In his note of last June to President Hoover, President Hindenburg said: "The possibilities of improving the situation by internal measures, without relief from foreign burdens, are exhausted." The months that have passed since have only confirmed the truth of his statement. Now comes an important French political leader, nameless because he holds public office, to declare in a periodical article, under the caption "Death or Salvation for Europe," that "the whole world, including the public opinion of France, knows that reparations have got a fearful blow." Germany, he declares, cannot pay, and in a few years no one will be able to comprehend "that the statesmen and business leaders of

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today could contend over annuities and terms of payment, while the very foundations of the world were already shaken to their very center." The *Manchester Guardian,* in a remarkable editorial demanding that the coming world conference proceed along the broadest lines, declares truly that the present problem is much wider than the German question, important as that is:

> We are in a more dangerous situation now, both politically and economically, than we have ever been since the war—not this country alone, but Europe as a whole. Every country is carrying on economic war against its neighbors, though the only thing that will save them is economic cooperation. . . . Economic nationalism has been given its head and is plainly drifting to destruction. Unless we can create a genuine spirit of international cooperation, unless we can think broadly for generous ideals, there is every possibility of a calamity at least comparable to that of the war.

These are words of truth and wisdom; and as I go about among the simple, friendly men and women of this little but great country, now so thoroughly disarmed and despoiled, it is with the daily prayer that for their sakes and ours their patience may be rewarded, that the statesmen of the world, in this hour of world extremity, as the first necessary step in a world program, may at last have the vision, the courage, the simple human kindness to lift from the backs of these suffering, patient people the burdens that are dragging them and us down to destruction. "Hoffentlich geht's besser."

The Crisis Reaches Washington

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, January 9

WE may as well realize that the economic malady of the United States has progressed to a desperate stage, and that those in control of the government are incapable of doing anything to arrest it. The leaders of the Democratic Party can think of nothing but the next Presidential election, and consequently are torn between greedy anticipation and the horrible fear of committing a blunder. The Republicans, except the Progressives, have resigned themselves to despair, and Herbert Hoover has lapsed into utter panic. The condition of the man is really pathetic. He is not altogether responsible for the present state of affairs—he is less to blame for it than Calvin Coolidge and Andrew Mellon—but his fright and general ineptitude have done much to aggravate it. After refusing for nine months to call Congress into extra session, he now plies it with frenzied entreaties to enact all manner of legislative panaceas, many of which apparently came to him on the spur of the moment. There is an abundance of skill and intelligence in the country, but he avails himself of none of it. Instead, he turns for political counsel to such celebrated thinkers as Ray Benjamin, Jimmy Burke, and Simian Fess, while his economic ideas are derived from a succession of financial adventurers and industrial sweaters, most of whom helped to precipitate the present situation. The real brains of the country are not consulted and the nation plunges onward to complete demoralization and wholesale ruin.

* * * * *

TO appreciate the extremes of the debacle, one needs to attend the hearings which Senators La Follette and Costigan are conducting on unemployment. The picture is appalling. One learns that the suicide rate has nearly doubled in the past year, that insanity cases are multiplying, that there is a heavy increase in child mortality from ailments induced by malnutrition, that thousands of girls are being driven into prostitution, that in countless instances family life has virtually disappeared under the compulsion of "doubling up" and overcrowding, that juvenile delinquency is increasing, and that the whole established system of welfare work and local charity is tottering toward collapse under the unprecedented load with which this Administration has insisted on burdening it. One hears of a destitute population of more than one million persons fighting starvation and illness in mining villages and camps far removed even from the pitiful benevolences of community chests and organized poor relief. We find there are at least 7,000,000 workers totally unemployed, and an equal number working on skeleton schedules. Governor Pinchot warns of incipient riots unless the federal government acts quickly, and a Communist leader boldly announces that "we intend to organize the unemployed to go out and fight in the streets—we intend to make it damned uncomfortable for those who refuse to help the unemployed." What is the Administration's response to these awful danger signals? In the main, it consists in a proposal to lend money to banks and railroads, and in a succession of shrieks against the "dole." Well, unless I misread the signs, the Ides of March will not pass before Mr. Hoover is confronted with an appropriation for unemployment relief—and I prophesy that he will be glad to sign it. Indeed, by that time he probably will be glad to do almost anything that offers hope.

* * * * *

DESPITE the hopeful chirping of the New York financial writers, Hiram Johnson's cross-examination of the international bankers already has produced sensational disclosures. Not only has he revealed that many of the great (and supposedly respectable) investment houses of this country engaged in a greedy scramble for opportunities to unload foreign securities on the American public, but he has discovered that these issues were floated with the approval of the State Department, in the face of *printed warnings* from the Commerce Department! But that is not the worst of it. Take the case of Colombia, whose precarious financial and economic condition had been sternly described in a Commerce Department bulletin. Three large American banking houses decided, notwithstanding, to extend a loan of $20,000,000. Prior to this time the Colombian government had revoked an oil concession to the Gulf Company, owned by the Mellon family. After being told by the State Department that there was "no political objection" to the loan, the banks put

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it through, whereupon the Colombian government restored the oil concession to Secretary Mellon's company! It is impossible here even to summarize the record which the inquiry has disclosed. The course of the State Department in giving its consent to the flotation of these blue-sky foreign loans impelled Senator Glass to exclaim that the federal government "was morally responsible for every cent of the two billion dollars which American citizens have lost." Yet in the face of the evidence, these financiers lecture the Senate and dilate upon their own virtue. I would wager all my Bolivian bonds against one copy of a Hoover prosperity oration that during the forty years in the wilderness Moses never used the word "moral" as often as Otto Kahn used it in one afternoon. Reversing an opinion recently expressed here, I must confess that I prefer hard-boiled men like Charlie Mitchell and Clarence Dillon, or that charming realist James Speyer, who whispered: "We are in the business to make a profit, Senator." Incidentally, one notes that the New York financial writers have vanished from the scene. The places of such little brothers of the rich as B. C. Forbes have been taken by journeymen reporters.

* * * * *

BUT all is not tragedy and gloom in the Washington madhouse. For amusement one can always turn to the antics of Bob Lucas, master-mind of the Republican National Committee. It is impossible to remain permanently angry at the fellow; he is too funny. Recently he prepared a speech charging the Democrats with publishing "scandal books by *unnamed authors*." Requested to specify, he replied that the books he had in mind were "The Strange Career of Mr. Hoover," by John Hamill, and "The Great Mistake," by John Knox. Not only do the names of the authors appear on the covers of both books, but Lucas mentioned their names in his explanation. It was the most diverting performance he has given since his public announcement that "Prime Minister Grotius of Germany" would soon visit America in the interest of world peace. On that occasion the most thorough search of Germany failed to reveal any such office as that of "Prime Minister," or any official named Grotius. Subsequently it developed that Bob was thinking of Dr. Julius Curtius, the German Foreign Minister, who resigned two days later after explaining that he had never expressed any intention of visiting the United States. As to the books, wonderment does not cease. They contain many statements about Mr. Hoover's past life which, if untrue, constitute plain cases of criminal libel. Yet the Department of Justice has started no prosecution against the authors or publishers, and apparently has no intention of doing so. Why doesn't it?

* * * * *

I HAVE often betrayed a deep aversion to the personal ethics and official practices of Andrew Mellon. My conviction survives that during the past ten years he has been the most powerful individual influence for evil in this Republic. But now it is tinged with a certain pity. Every informed person in Washington knows that Ogden Mills is in absolute control of the Treasury. Hoover consults him constantly. When it is necessary to present the department's views to Congress, Mills is the official spokesman. Nobody consults Uncle Andy. Lonely, hurt, neglected, he lingers on in the twilight of a reputation which would shine today with redoubled splendor if only he had possessed the canniness which prompted his real affinity, Calvin Coolidge, to get out while the getting was good.

If I Were Dictator*

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

IF I were dictator? Well, I am sure that what I have to say will disappoint many readers who look for far more radical and violent changes than I have to suggest. I am conscious that the immediate remedies that offer themselves to me will seem lacking both in originality and in thoroughness, perhaps because I have not lost faith in democracy or the workability of our institutions, provided that these are adjusted to modern economic, social, and political conditions. The fault, in my judgment, has been less with the economic and political system under which we have lived than with the men that we have chosen to work it. But the evolution of capitalism has given ever-increasing opportunities for the selfishness and greed of the average human being in industry and politics, and these traits are bringing down the structure. We in America have learned the bitter lesson that uncontrolled individualism, whether rugged or otherwise, leads but to despair.

If I were dictator I should begin in the field of international relations, since it is in that field that we are today most menaced by conditions which not only threaten the peace of the world, but make an early recovery from the economic chaos impossible. I should first of all muster out the fleet, laying it up as did Thomas Jefferson when President, and reduce the regular army to the police force of 25,000 men which it was at the outbreak of the war with Spain. I should retire every single one of the talking generals and admirals and send them all to Guam with the direction that they put that island into a state of 100 per cent preparedness and play at war maneuvers to their heart's content. Resuming the historic American attitude of being unarmed and unafraid, I should say to the rest of the world: "See how genuinely pacific we are. We have done away with the arts of war, have ceased to teach our soldiers how best to disembowel their fellow-men or how to kill innocent women and children by the use of aerial bombs and poison gas, which are not selective in dealing death and destruction. We are ready to take the risks of peace. We have faith not only in our own moral strength; we know that in modern war there are neither victors nor vanquished, but that all suffer alike, and that less than ever can one be assured that the heaviest battalions and the best generals will be on the side of right."

If I were dictator I should abolish every tariff because

* The last of a series of articles on this subject.—EDITOR THE NATION.

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I know that the rapid rise of the three great industrial nations of modern times has been due chiefly to the fact that within their respective empires it has been free trade that has made them powerful and prosperous. Particularly I should say that this is true of the United States; that if tariffs are the blessings they are said to be, then we should surround every one of the forty-eight States of the Union with those magic walls which are supposed to raise the standard of living and bestow prosperity upon all inside their circle. I should put an end to the abomination that we must protect all trade within purely arbitrary geographic lines. I should first of all abolish the sugar tariff against Cuba, an island almost within sight of our shores, whose sugar would come into our country free and untaxed if the American flag floated over Morro Castle in Havana; instead of which, merely because Cuba is outside of our national lines, we raise the price of sugar to every man, woman, and child, and destroy the value of great American investments in that island. Also we help to reduce the working masses in that country to misery and despair, and help to render them the helpless and hapless victims of a ruthless dictator—merely in order to insure profits for some of our citizens who unnecessarily entered the sugar business at home.

If I were dictator I should serve notice upon Japan that if she did not withdraw within her former lines in Manchuria I should invoke an international boycott to compel her to do so, and, to demonstrate that I meant what I said in all sincerity, I should withdraw every last American soldier from Haiti, Nicaragua, Cuba, Samoa, and the Philippines. I should free the latter before their inhabitants had time to petition me for this action and so live up to our plighted national word. Then I should offer to China every possible help in the way of financial aid and expert advice and service to enable that harassed country to constitute a strong and honest central government. I should immediately recognize the Russia of the Soviets with every gesture of friendship and good-will to the Russian people. I should not be afraid of communism because I should set out really to constitute an honest and efficient government for the United States, one responding to the will of the American people as expressed through the initiative and referendum, and I am bold enough to believe that if I could have my way, our own system of government as reconstituted would not only challenge comparison with the Soviet program, but would seem infinitely more desirable so long as the Soviet Government is a bloody-handed class dictatorship.

To accomplish this I should do everything in my power to bring about economic equality, and equality before the law. As I do not believe in prisons as they now are constituted, I should relegate to prison farms every single American official—and their number runs into thousands upon thousands—who violates the law, believes himself superior to it, and connives at the abuse of personal liberties by men in the garb of police officers or in that of civil authority. For I believe that the chief explanation of our being the most lawless civilized nation is to be found in the fact that we have more lawless officials sworn to uphold the law than any other nation on earth.

I should remove from the statute books by one stroke of the pen every law regulating the private morals of individual citizens. I should declare that, however men and women behaved in their relations with one another, it was their own affair, save where the public peace was disturbed. I should, however, continue and increase the control of the sale of narcotics, and my government would be as rigid as that of the Soviets in preventing the exploitation of the bodies of women for the gain of individuals. Censors of literature, art, or the theater would be my special game. I have long wondered where would be the proper place in which to exile the censors and snoopers, and then it came to me—the Virgin Islands! I should seek to find a method of dispensing liquors and wines in a way rigidly to control the drink habit, so that men should not profit by catering to that appetite of their fellow-men which undeniably has done more than any other one thing to fill our jails, our hospitals, and our asylums. I should appeal to my subjects to join me in treating alcohol from the same standpoint as that from which we treat the abuse of drugs, believing that unlimited use of alcohol is almost as much a danger to the race as is unlimited use of opium.

I should at once tackle the disgraceful statistics which reveal to all the world that the death-rate in childbirth is higher in the United States than anywhere else. I should follow the policy advocated by Governor Alfred E. Smith of New York when he asked the legislature to see to it that every community in his State received adequate medical and nursing care, and I should make it possible for the poor to have not only adequate medical care, but the dental service of which they are today deprived because it is beyond their means. And, of course, I should make free for all the necessary information as to birth control. I should free our schools from the domination of all the politicians and all the priests. I should introduce self-government not only among the scholars, but among the teachers, and I should not only guarantee absolute freedom of teaching but see to it that every new or old ism was carefully explored within the classrooms of school and college. One of my first steps would be to make impossible the control of our colleges by boards of trustees comprising wealthy men devoted chiefly to the old order of society and to the prevention of the teaching of new doctrines and new theories of economic and political life. I should read to each board of university trustees the famous words of Patrick Henry: "Give me liberty, or give me death," and then give them their choice. I should ask them not to come to me to explain that there are "certain things" that must not be laid before the "immature minds of undergraduates," and that there must be some limits to liberty and free speech lest they degenerate into license. If anyone sneaked through into my audience chamber and began to address me with the words: "I believe in liberty and freedom, but there are limits," I should immediately sentence him to twenty-five years on my most northern Alaskan prison farm, in company with all those benighted citizens who might appeal to me to continue intercollegiate athletic contests under present conditions. William Green and Matthew Woll of the American Federation of Labor I should designate as Governor and Deputy Governor of the Aleutian Islands. For Mr. Hoover and his Cabinet, and other talkers of economic nonsense, I should reserve the Island of Yap with the requirement that morning and evening they should meet together to inform one another that prosperity is just around the corner, and that every day in every way things are getting better and better.

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Then I should give my attention to the revision of our own government, to vital alterations in our Constitution, a noble document, admirably constructed for the use of thirteen struggling States along the Atlantic seaboard when they did not know their own hinterland, when not one citizen had yet crossed the continent overland. I should change the Constitution so that the state should take over and operate, either directly or through some government corporation like the Mississippi Waterways Corporation, the railroads, the pipe-lines, the telephone and telegraph, the radio, the mines, the oil wells, water power, and all other natural resources, thus making enormous savings, closing avenues to the making of excessive fortunes, and destroying the foothold of many masters of privilege. By income taxes and inheritance taxes I should make impossible the transmission from one generation to another of swollen fortunes. I should enormously lighten the burden of taxation by having the profits of public utilities go into the pockets not of stockholders, but of the communities which operate them, or into a general treasury. In other words, I should endeavor to create social control of institutions as a source of funds for a progressive social policy. I should further reduce the expenses of government by saving almost entirely the $750,000,000 now devoted to the annual upkeep of the army and navy. I should seek in every way to redeem my country from the stigma placed upon its common sense by the present Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Mellon, when he twice declared in his annual reports that 85 cents out of every dollar raised by taxation now goes to wars past and future.

With the money so saved and earned and raised, I should rebuild our cities so that every slum would disappear. I should frankly and boldly imitate the Russian government in that I should stress above all else the welfare, the prosperity, and the happiness of the plain people of Abraham Lincoln. Instead of making this a government by and for the well-to-do and rich, I should make it a government primarily concerned with the welfare of the toiling masses, and I should let the rich go hang. The ablest men that I could find I should set to the problem of the farmer, gradually and voluntarily bringing about the creation of great co-operative farms, and working out the problem of large industrial agricultural enterprises versus individual farming. I should find some way of eliminating the middleman so that the farmer living within forty miles of our greatest cities would no longer get between three and five cents a quart for the milk that sells at around fifteen on the streets of the metropolis.

Turning to the States, I should so devise their constitutions as to abolish the bicameral legislatures along the lines of a plan suggested by Senator Norris, creating a single chamber of some twenty-four members, more in the nature of a governor's council, to be elected without benefit of party. I should take every office now bestowable by a politician and put it under rigid civil-service rules. So with our municipalities, I should eliminate politics and make the office of mayor a scientific job to be held by professional mayors freed from all political control, precisely as is the case today in Germany, instituting local referendums that the people might vote upon policies. Judges I should put to work, real work, and I should make them simplify the processes of law so that they would be humanized and speeded up, as is the case in England; and, as is the case in Russia, I should abolish the death penalty, and go farther than Russia by abolishing it for political offenses as well. Divorce would be, as now in Spain and in Russia, by mutual consent, and as in both those countries, there would no longer be any distinction, legal or social, between children born in or out of wedlock.

As for the immediate emergency, I should at once introduce the five-day week, and remove from industry all children under the age of eighteen. I should institute a scientific system of unemployment insurance, and make the system of old-age pensions recently adopted in New York State nation-wide. To take care of the existing unemployment, I should immediately sell a bond issue running into the billions and utilize the proceeds for great public works, and especially for the rebuilding of our cities so that no city dweller should remain in dark and unsanitary quarters. Planning? Of course. Not only for caring for the unemployed today but for a general overhauling of the economic system in the belief that it is not overproduction but underdistribution which is troubling us and especially to prevent the recurrence of depressions like these. Naturally this would entail first of all planning to end the enormous waste of the competitive system in such an industry, for example, as that of the makers of rubber tires or of the producers of oil. But the most important means of ending the existing economic crisis would be those measures for the regulation of international trade, including means of putting an end to the hurtful heaping up of gold in this country, which I have already outlined, the abolition of tariffs, the forgiving of debts and reparations, complete disarmament, and the ending of the rule of fear and suspicion and hatred among peoples—at least so far as our example could bring this to pass.

By this time, I am sure, more than half the people of this Republic would have risen against me; the generosity of my dictatorship would be too much for them to stand. But one last thing I should strive to do before I was led off to the guillotine. I should close two-thirds of the churches of the country, allowing only those to remain open that were absolutely dedicated to peace at any price, whose ministers agreed that they would go to prison—our present type of prison abomination if you please—for life before one word of approval of mass killing should cross their lips. They would have to promise, moreover, to preach but one sermon a year dedicated to abstract theological doctrine. The rest of their time they would have to give over to social endeavor, to true spiritual leadership, according to the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth, preaching sermons directly connected with the problems of society and the practical welfare of those about them. Finally, just to show that I was human and therefore extremely inconsistent, I should once more turn censor myself and abolish lip-sticks, high-heeled shoes, silk hats, all remaining Ford cars of the original model, the Navy League, the Civic Federation, and the Protective Tariff League, not to mention *Ballyhoo, College Humor,* the tabloids, and the *Saturday Evening Post.* I should send Henry Ford himself, with his humbug reputation as a model employer of labor, to join the heads of the American Federation of Labor in the Aleutian Islands.

If these things that I have outlined seem inadequate to some, too radical to others, as well as inconsistent, please remember that I have none the less stressed liberty in all the relations between human beings, and that I have had no other object in view than social, economic, and political equal-

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ity. In other words, I have suggested nothing which does not seem to me in keeping with the true spirit of American institutions, with democracy and the desire for life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Sometime, soon it is to be hoped, we must come to some such recasting of our governments—city, State, and national; if we do not, then we may be sure that a totally new system, whether that be communism or something else, will have to be devised to insure equality of opportunity and of life, to curb and restrict greed and appetite for wealth, and to end all the special privileges which have been established under our modern industrial system and our government—as it has been perverted from the control of the masses into the hands of the dominating few.

Portrait of Undergraduate Yale

By RICHARD S. CHILDS

I

MISCONCEPTION brewed by generalities and much nonsense has distorted the common picture of undergraduate life. For one acquainted with the mass of reading matter on College Life in America there is little to be observed in New Haven to strengthen the validity of the usual assumptions. "Collegiatism" as popularly conceived is heartily despised. Fraternity life is important only through sophomore year as marking a tentative social recognition, and "houses" are frequented mostly as a refuge from the toasted-bun and coffee fare of New Haven Smoke Shops. The national brethren are apt to scowl on Yale. Old graduates bemoan the passing of something known as College Spirit. While the old-Ford-rah-rah-painted-slicker figure of collegiate mythology has not been replaced by that of the passionate scholar, a new figure has arisen, drawing its life from within the confines of York and College Streets, that, with allowances made for the inevitable caricature resulting from generalities, may be fairly described as the Yale undergraduate.

"You did not come to Yale for an education. If you had wanted only that you could have gone to some other place. You came here for other reasons: because your father did, because you had friends coming, or because of the contacts you could make here. You came for the *real* things that Yale and no other place could offer you." Not in mockery, not as broad satire, but earnestly were these words spoken by a graduate not so very many weeks ago. He was not an older graduate dreaming of the '90's; he was a young man. Just out of Yale. Just in business. He knew. He was believed and applauded by his undergraduate listeners.

Now, Yale is not the same university it was last year, the year before that. Year by year it has been making and will continue to make a little sandier the greased slide of minimum credit requirements. Reading periods and a postponement of midyear examinations this year show that the educational veneer is to be thickened by a layer or two, and New Haven tutoring schools and cramming institutions will become correspondingly enriched. All of this is so—yet it is only by realizing the full significance of the words "You did not come to Yale for an education" that any perspective may be gained on the undergraduate of today—and probably of tomorrow. Perspective is essential in a portrait. Educational systems will come and go. But the subject of our portrait will remain constant, and these same key words will continue to give meaning to an otherwise paradoxical spectacle as long as systems exist intended to care for young men whose main reason for being in college is to partake primarily of a university's social facilities, to make their bow of conformity to a fetish of American so-called upper classes.

Forget for a moment the *nouveau riche* blatancy of Gothic buildings and assume that Yale is a university where young men are gathered who thirst not only for knowledge but also for the inspiration that comes from contact with the creativeness of the past, where teachers are in their own minds still students, a little farther along the way perhaps and eager to indicate the paths they have discovered. Make this assumption, and Yale the reality becomes immediately meaningless, open to violent criticism. Incredulity, indignation, and amazement must swim together confusingly before the spectacle of 3,000 undergraduates in daily forced attendance in the lecture rooms of New Haven, suspected, checked, tested, and ranked according to a still hovering form-routine —the privilege of education still held a doubtful one by teacher and scholar alike. Are the unfit and uninterested a university's concern? Can men be hired to face daily insult on the lecture platform? The whole thing is a nightmare! A travesty on educational ideals! "What is it for? What is it for?" must be the cry.

Yet such protests, while constantly recurring, are quite empty. They unnecessarily confuse matters because they spring from a wrong premise, that Yale College is exclusively an institution of higher education. Return to the key words, "You did not come to Yale for an education," and all swings into line with a certain inevitability. Confusion vanishes. Systems and methods of teaching become clear, tacit affirmers of the same attitude. And at last, in this light, the Yale undergraduate is understandable. And sympathy should follow understanding.

"If a man by his years at Yale learns to live more richly and more happily, he has not spent his time in vain. The measure of success is not a lot of canned knowledge, but the ability to get out and do something. The social side of his life at Yale is often more important to his development than his classes." It is essential that this point of view, one recently expressed in an editorial in the Yale *Daily News*, be fully grasped with all its implications. Yale and her undergraduates can never be torn from the background of American society on which they are patterned, and separately examined, if anything approaching comprehension is to result. To contrast present conditions with ideals of pure learning is hopeless at the outset and can only distort a not too horrible picture. Social life—learning to live through experience with other men, the chance to *do something* whether it be on the field of sport, in journalism, or what not, the opportunity to get somewhere through making friends, establishing

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contacts—is the end-all of the American university and of Yale. And knowledge is forever "canned"; where, after a certain point, does it get you?

If the aim of four years of college is to create socially pleasant young men able to get along with their fellows, ready to accept the mode of living as they find it, to shoulder the burdens such acceptance implicitly imposes upon them, then Yale, by affording opportunity for training in community life, does its duty well. Undergraduate Yale knows very well what it is about. Education is a necessary stumbling-block to be tripped over willy-nilly on the path toward the *real* things of Yale. Philosophically, however, the undergraduate feels some good may come of it all. He has great faith. He has faith in the good that may be derived from Pictorial Art, Geology, Classical Civilization, and Elementary Economics, indiscriminately. Each, if marks are kept up—it really doesn't matter how—will turn into credits. Credits mean a diploma. A diploma means education. That a certain amount of education is good, America, swarming with packed universities, home-study courses, and five-foot book shelves will testify. Under new systems actual study seems to be increasingly demanded. The student is willing that it should be so, provided not too much time is required. Education must be kept in its place lest it should become confusing.

II

Extra-curricular activities are the basis of the real things. They are lent added depth and meaning through associations and traditions peculiar to Yale. The most miserably lost person in New Haven is he who, without the original social prestige of a well-known preparatory school behind him, without the zeal of scholarly pretention to bolster him, is unable to state with any definiteness just what he is doing. Yale's "big men" possess the virtues of those in society at large. They are safe, sane, and, according to their own standards, open-minded. They have all been successful "doers."

It is natural that extra-curricular Yale, one foot planted in Eastern preparatory schools, the other in Wall Street, should mirror the social and religious organizations, the publications, the athletic interests of the one, magnified to strange monsters by the heavy seriousness and intensity of the other. These are the absorbents of Yale's youthful energy. The social Yale is Andover, Hotchkiss, what you will, on a large and business-conscious scale. Her undergraduate leaders are the leaders from such centers of high culture and liberal education. They are the men incoming freshmen look to for guidance and advice. They are the men who emphasize and make part of the very atmosphere of New Haven the necessity for extra-curricular activities in "spare" time. And spare time in their eyes is all time not spent in the classroom. And they are right, too. Education for them might well be a dusty, life-sucking adventure. Yale, inevitably, under the tyranny of college boards, must open her arms to such—though she wonders, rather ingenuously perhaps, why she is signally successful in turning out a large majority of Wall Street runners, bond salesmen, and young gentlemen with exceptionally bright prospects in the insurance and advertising lines.

It would be misleading, even in an article so shamelessly given to generalities as this, to imply that extra-curricular activities are dependent for their dominating position on men who are socially "on the make." Fraternities and senior societies may dignify the successful conclusion of an undergraduate athletic, social, or publishing career, though election is by no means limited by mere external merit. An athletic director may preach the educational value of athletics. The *News* may sublimate a heeling campaign by featuring the "business experience" to be gained, the contacts to be made. Dwight Hall may send out its service-to-humanity appeal. But in the end social prestige and alluring catch phrases are in themselves meaningless, pure rationalizations. They are the garnishings, the a posteriori justifications and exaltations, of an existent undergraduate urge, one that is unable or unwilling to exhaust itself intellectually in the classroom or in outside study. Hence the glorification of non-intellectual pursuits at Yale. They are the tests by means of which a man proves himself. And to be head of an organization, a publication, captain of a team, represents no slight achievement.

Undergraduate society has fashioned a God in its own image and worship before Him is felt to be a bounden duty. Salvation is attained through works. And the blessed, indeed, may be laying up just rewards for themselves, storing riches in the other world, the one just beyond graduation. A high and sacred priesthood has arisen to insure the preservation of the gentlemanly ideals worshiped by this society.

But here again lies the danger of misconception. Because scholars and scholarships are not the rule, because intellectual interests are not insisted upon, it must not be assumed that they are taboo, even in the society of the elect.

III

For the normal undergraduate, then, the all-mighty and non-existent average man, somewhat immature, frankly uninterested in books and their offerings, Yale does and pretends to do very little intellectually. That a university B.A. or Ph.B. degree is of purely social significance is generally recognized. But here too it must be realized that Yale, contrary to the practice of many of her contemporaries, at least provides the outline of a liberal education that does not sink to the fantastic absurdities of salesmanship and, to borrow from Flexner, ad hoc courses. Yale standards are such that she feels content if she can turn out thoroughly sound and worth-while members of American society. She must provide for men whose intellectual diet has been a preaching of conformity, hard, clean playing on athletic fields, and good citizenship, from earliest boarding-school days on. Such is the conception of "leader" manufacture in America.

But there is another side of undergraduate Yale which has not been touched upon until now because it can contribute only the finer shadings to a blatantly general portrait. There are those at Yale who have become firmly convinced, not of the value of its social training, not of the spurious importance of costly buildings, but of the purely intellectual and educational opportunities it affords. If such men can live through the first two years of banal "prep"-school routine and generally low-grade instruction without experiencing a revulsion of vicious disgust toward the university and the pretentiousness of its very name, they will be amazed to find themselves in a place where a genuine interest is taken in them and in their aims. And if they are lucky enough

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to come in contact before this with some of the more forward-looking men on the faculty, they may even be spared any long period of disillusionment. Yale does provide for its scholars. And this is important. It is a fact seldom taken into account in many of the criticisms most pardonably launched at its system in general.

After two years the scholar is at last free to follow up a special line of interest, free from the burden of requirements, in Honors work. Even if he does not qualify or is not interested in Honors, leeway is occasionally granted to genuine interest. Requirements are not invariably iron-bound. And there are men of brilliance not only to stimulate him but to take a personal interest in his work.

Furthermore, the inevitable looseness of social organization in so large a community as undergraduate Yale is especially favorable to the need of the scholar and nonconformist. For such a man the social pressure of the smaller university does not exist. The obnoxious ghost of collegiatism need not haunt him. Tolerance, while it may be sheer indifference in undergraduate Yale, is at least real in the faculty and administrative heads. There is no such thing as censorship of publications. Yale is always a free place in which to work, inspiring if only the individual wishes to make it so. But, as in few other universities, the writer, the artist, the debater, the college liberal are accepted by public opinion at their true value. And while such men may be regarded as "queer" and are not always asked to "play," yet as a rule by the end of four years it is only through exaggeration of their own sensitiveness that they need experience the noble pain of social ostracism. Undergraduate Yale is undeniably friendly.

In general, Yale feels that she does give a well-rounded training for the usual requirements of outside life. A majority of her graduates and undergraduates agree with her in this. And if they are conservative, doubtful of new plans, if they are scornful of criticism and somewhat self-consciously above it, it is because they fear that something they have known in common with others and instinctively feel to be fine, and as such to be cherished and preserved, is in danger of being torn from their lives.

Pasadena Lights Its Own

By WILLIAM SIDNEY

ASTOUNDING profits from the municipally owned and operated light and power plant of Pasadena, California, have made it possible for the city to construct, within a three-year period, a million-dollar civic auditorium, a $200,000 police station, $125,000 golf links, and a branch library. Thus, the light department has been correctly termed "Pasadena's civic loan bank."

This unique light plant, established twenty-five years ago on such a slender shoestring that it was necessary to use pie tins for street-light reflectors, has now earned in net profits as much as $708,025 in a single year, while maintaining the lowest rates in California and one of the three or four lowest rates in the entire United States. Besides financing civic improvements with its profits, and at the same time furnishing current at such a low rate that the majority of housewives can afford labor-saving electrical devices, the light department provides employment for 230 breadwinners in a city of 76,047 inhabitants. Also, through selling light bulbs to its patrons at cost, the department saves them $40,000 annually.

By loaning a total of $615,000 of its profits to the general fund of the city when the fund became depleted before taxes were paid, the municipal light department made it possible in the last three years for Pasadena to secure valuable cash discounts on purchase of supplies. Not long ago $18,036 of the profits was used to finance the installation of flood lights in the Rose Bowl, scene of classic East-West football games and first stadium on the Pacific Coast to be used for night games.

After a majority of Pasadenans had twice voted in favor of a bond issue for municipal golf links and the proposition had failed for lack of a two-thirds' majority, the light department loaned $125,000 for the project. Taxpayers who feared the loan was the first step in carrying out a plot to wreck the financial structure of the light department through bleeding it of reserves for future expansion tried to obtain an injunction to halt construction of the course, but failed. Income from greens fees went up to $64,414 a year, however, of which $8,866 was repaid to the department. For more than ten years business interests had made every effort to obtain a civic auditorium that would draw large conventions to Pasadena. There seemed little hope of realization of the project until the light department, again in the role of the municipal Santa Claus, loaned $600,000, or about half the total cost of the structure. The auditorium is expected to be completed soon.

Another needed civic improvement, now realized through application of light-plant profits, is the new $200,000 police station and jail. The financing was made possible when the light department furnished $125,000 for the project by paying that exhorbitant sum for the old tumble-down police headquarters. Among the sufficient proofs that Pasadena's light department virtually had become the city's own loan bank is its recent purchase for $19,750 of vacant city property; proceeds from the sale made possible the erection of a new branch library in a public park. Including the $615,000 loaned to tide the city over the period before taxes were paid, the department has advanced a total of $1,479,750 to the city within three years. If this sum is ever repaid with interest, a surprise is in store for friends of the municipal plant. At the present time the average light and power rates charged by Pasadena for various types of service are as follows: homes and stores, four and a small fraction cents per kilowatt hour; street lighting, three cents; and power, two cents.

The total cost of producing and delivering a kilowatt hour of current, exclusive of interest and depreciation, is a trifle more than one cent. Thus, the Pasadena plant can deliver current for three cents and still earn at least some surplus for expansion. It has been estimated that current

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from the Boulder Dam project cannot be delivered here for less than 3.77 cents per kilowatt hour.

When, in 1906, after a dispute with the Southern California Edison Company, which monopolized the field, Pasadena city officials decided to establish a municipally owned lighting plant, residents were paying the private corporation for lighting current at the rate of fifteen cents per kilowatt hour, about four times as high a rate as that brought about through intelligent municipal ownership. The high officials and 70 per cent of the stockholders of the Southern California Edison Company resided in Pasadena, so it is surprising, not that the first bond issue for the project carried by only thirty-two votes, but that it carried at all. As considerable time was required to sell this initial $125,000 bond issue, the first actual capital was $52,000 that was levied and collected from general taxes. A few teams of horses and mules were purchased, and until adequate capital was forthcoming, ordinary pie tins were wired to the wooden street-lighting poles as reflectors.

After a bitter struggle marked by the failure of municipal-ownership foes to frighten the taxpayers by charges that the city "had gone socialistic," Pasadena offered in 1909 to purchase the plant and lines of the Edison Company within the city. The offer was ignored and the ensuing decade of sharp competition was featured by attempts of the private corporation to force the municipal plant out of business by lowering its own rates gradually from fifteen cents to four cents. Whenever the city lowered its rates, as justified by earnings, the Edison Company proceeded to undercut them, absorbing its losses by means of the profits of its plants located in other part of Southern California. Although in 1913 the city's rate was five cents, a cent higher than the Edison rate, Pasadenans, stirred by the slogan "Remember the fifteen-cent rate," were supporting the municipal plant in increasing numbers. Since then the number of consumers has risen from 5,000 to 30,696. In 1920, by a seven-to-one vote, the people of Pasadena decided to buy out the Edison's system in the city. At that time the municipal plant had 12,000 consumers, three times as many as its competitor. Having failed by propaganda and rate slashing to stifle the growth of its young competitor, the private corporation accepted the $500,000 offered and withdrew from the field.

Benjamin F. DeLanty, veteran superintendent of the municipal plant, reported actual profits for the year 1929-30 as $708,025. This total includes $65,000 spent for work properly chargeable to other city departments. The present rates in the city are so low that a family may burn five or six bulbs until midnight, operate a small washing machine, a radio, a vacuum cleaner, and an electric iron, and keep its monthly bill for electric current below $2.50. The minimum monthly charge is fifty cents. The total bonded indebtedness is $452,283, the capital assets being reported as $5,346,264, the difference, $4,893,980, being the amount put into the plant and distributing lines from earnings.

In justice to the Southern California Edison Company, it should be noted that its present rates are reputed to be about as low as those of any other private power corporation in the United States. The Edison rate in Los Angeles and vicinity starts at five cents, while the municipal rate is graduated downward from four and one-half cents. Thus, an Edison patron pays $50 for the first 1,000 kilowatt hours of current used, compared to $39 charged the Pasadena plant's patron for the same current. For 5,000 kilowatt hours, the private corporation charges $200, compared with the charge of $143.50 by the municipally owned plant.

The total capacity of the Pasadena plant is 34,500 kilowatts, and ground was broken recently for another unit which ultimately will almost double the present capacity. This million-dollar addition, like the present plant, will be paid for out of earnings without asking taxpayers for one penny.

From the standpoint of technical efficiency and lack of dependence upon private fuel corporations, Pasadena's plant is in an enviable position despite the fact that it uses steam instead of water power to generate its electrical output. Either crude oil or natural gas may be burned to produce the steam, the energy of which is later transformed into electric current. In the unlikely event that neither oil nor gas can be secured from the private corporations at reasonable prices, coal may be used as a substitute after necessary adjustments are made. Although cities in the Northwest which have the good fortune to possess water power in their back yards should be able, theoretically at least, to generate current more cheaply than Pasadena's steam plant, it is the steam plant which must come to the rescue of the hydroelectric plant when stream levels fall during a drought.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter, being tender-hearted himself, is tender toward others. He once said grace at the request of certain pious acquaintances who had invited him to dinner, and his politeness extends even to corporate personalities. Like Frank Sullivan, he feels uncomfortable at not replying to a touching appeal from the Messrs. Rogers-Peet, and every time he gets a slightly pained notice from one of the department stores concerning his failure to make full use of the credit facilities which the said corporation has been kind enough—and rash enough—to grant him, he feels like writing a polite note to Mr. Wanamaker or Mr. Gimbel begging the gentleman to believe that he is not ungrateful, and that he will try to do better next month. He cannot get over the feeling that some representative of Liggett and Myers would be just a little bit hurt if he should suddenly "switch to Old Golds," and he is perfectly sure that if he were ever given a blindfold test he would do his very best to give the right answer.

* * * * *

IT is in view of this fact that he was particularly pleased to learn recently that he is right in his assumption; that even great corporations can have their sensibilities wounded; and that even the Western Union—which many think of as mere copper wires and bloated directors—has feelings like anybody else. What happened was this. A ribald friend handed into one of the suboffices of the company the following message to a friend in the West: "Please accept Western Union Christmas Greetings Numbers 7, 9, and 15." He then went quietly home and was even obtuse enough not to get the point when he received a polite tele-

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phone call to inquire if the office was right in assuming that what he wanted sent was the canned greetings corresponding to those numbers. He replied that he wanted the message sent exactly as it had been written, and it was not until a second call arrived that he realized his rudeness. "It is the opinion of this office," said a pained voice, "that you are merely trying to make fun of the company."

* * * * *

NOW if it had been the Drifter himself, he would certainly have apologized profusely, but some of the Drifter's friends are very crude persons and this one replied only: "That is exactly what I am doing, but since the message contains nothing treasonable, obscene, or libelous you will transmit it exactly as I turned it in or I'll have the law on you." And so the message was sent, while the wires blushed and the great corporation went metaphorically into a garden and ate worms. It had done its poor best to make sentiment easy. It had rung all the possible changes upon the given theme and provided subtle choices between dignified phrases like "A Merry Christmas to you and yours" and folksy greetings like "Love to the kiddies." It had even offered to transmit them at a reduced cost. But there are some people who will mock at the most sacred things and be cynical even at Yuletide. Western Union would prefer to have nothing to do with them and only the law can make it go against its better nature.

* * * * *

THE Drifter at least is touched and confirmed, and if he ever has occasion to wire a holiday greeting he would no more think of deviating from the offered formula than he would think of refusing to applaud a play to which the press agent had been kind enough to send him tickets. He has, indeed, always wondered how dramatic critics could do such things. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Bread and Milk for Lawrence Strikers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The American Textile Workers Union of Lawrence, Massachusetts, is trying to raise a small sum of money to supply bread and milk to about 300 families who were involved in the textile strike there last fall and whose members have never since gone back to work. The strike was one of desperation against a 10 per cent wage reduction, the last of a series of such cuts. It was unsuccessful, and in the case of the Pacific Mills, in which most of the members of the Textile Workers Union work, reductions actually ranging from 10 to 30 per cent were put into effect when work was resumed. All the mills are running very slack and thousands of former strikers have had no work for months.

The public and private charity agencies in Lawrence have a rule, to which few exceptions are made, not to give relief to families who were not on their lists before the strike began. The reason given is lack of sufficient funds to supply all relief needs. Obviously, the rule operates as a device to punish men and women who still have some of the traditional American spirit of independence and refuse to accept a wage cut without a protest. The American Textile Workers Union is an independent union not at present affiliated with any national body. It played a creditable and responsible part in the recent strike.

Contributions may be sent either to the Emergency Strike Relief Committee, 112 East Nineteenth Street, New York City, of which Norman Thomas is chairman, or direct to James W. Sullivan, Treasurer, American Textile Workers, 180 Essex Street, Lawrence, Mass. Contributions sent direct to Lawrence should be in the form of money orders, since it is practically impossible in the banking situation there to get checks cashed.

New York, January 2 A. J. MUSTE

"But Sun It Is Not When You Say It Is Not!"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Once again it becomes our painful duty to tell you that *The Nation* has made an error, the usual error. In *The Nation's* Honor Roll for 1931, as published in your issue dated January 6, 1932, there appears the following citation:

> H. L. Mencken, for writing, and the Baltimore *Sun*, for publishing, an article denouncing the Salisbury lynchers, a fearless and effective polemic written in the face of threats by Salisbury business men to withdraw their business from Baltimore.

It is true that H. L. Mencken wrote the articles in question. There was not one of them, but three, published respectively on December 7, December 14, and December 21. But it is not true that they were published in the Baltimore *Sun*. It was the Baltimore *Evening Sun*, of which Mr. Mencken is a contributing editor, which published all three articles. We expect this mistake from others but not from the discriminating editor of *The Nation*.

HAMILTON OWENS, Editor, the *Evening Sun*
J. EDWIN MURPHY, Managing Editor

Baltimore, January 2

Communism for America

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On page 20 of your issue of January 6 you printed a letter from an Iowan who disagrees with you in a number of matters. I cannot agree with the disagreer, but I could thank him for his next-to-last paragraph because it has brought into clear focus a dim thought that has hovered in my mind for some time. He there speaks of "your program" reducing us all to the level of the unsuccessful and the worthless.

I imagine a great many good Americans shudder at the thought of communism coming to us, mainly because they have the feeling that we should all immediately have to grow beards and sink to the level of the Russian peasant. I wonder whether the level of the Russian proletariat is not now considerably above the average of Russian living as it was before communism. And if there is indeed an improvement, then might there not be an improvement here with us? Where should we Americans stand if we were all on a plane somewhat higher than an average of American living? Might we not, instead of degenerating into hairy savages, sink down miserably only to about the present status of the locomotive engineer or college professor, with an assured living, a pension against old age, some leisure to devote to matters of the mind, and the comforting assurance of being "significant for the functions we perform"?

East Orange, N. J., January 2 A. G. BARNETT

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Mrs. Pinchot Makes a Correction

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: *The Nation's* reputation for accuracy and square dealing is so well established that I am certain that as soon as the errors in a story concerning my coming Congressional campaign, published in the issue of January 6, are brought to the attention of the editors, they will be willing to make the necessary corrections.

Mr. Anderson's story, the facts he alleges, the words he puts into my mouth in quotes, the interpretation he draws from my decision to run against McFadden are all pure fantasy. The formal statement announcing my candidacy to the press not only most emphatically did *not* say I based my "decision to run against McFadden on the ground that 'he insulted our President,'" but, as a matter of fact, did not mention either McFadden or Hoover, and made no reference whatsoever to the charges of the former against the latter.

In answer to a newspaperman who asked whether I believed that Hoover had sold out to Germany, I answered, "Anyone must resent an *unsubstantiated* attack of treason against the President," and suggested the public would be interested to hear the facts to which Mr. McFadden referred. If this be Hoover support, make the most of it!

My decision to contest McFadden's seat has nothing to do with his stand on the moratorium. I am running at the request of many friends in the district—farmers, miners, small business men, church people, et cetera—who feel that McFadden has always been the tool of the bankers and has neglected the interests of his constituents.

As a matter of fact, far from supporting the President, I am opposed to many of his major policies, which I feel have been partly responsible for, and an aggravation of, many of the ills we are suffering today. Had Mr. Anderson been really interested in getting at the facts concerning the fight in the Fifteenth Congressional District, he would have referred to the frantic efforts—so far unsuccessful—of Administration leaders in Washington and of the Republican organization in Pennsylvania to find a man to carry the "Support-Hoover" banner.

One thing I want to assure *The Nation,* however, if there is still any doubt, and that is that this particular job is not going to be wished upon any Pinchot—male or female.

Harrisburg, January 7 Cornelia Bryce Pinchot

Who's Got the Button?

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Cincinnati has a plan to end the depression. And the plan comes from the inner sanctum of the largest and most influential club in our city. The Cincinnati Club, formerly the Business Men's Club, has launched an anti-depression campaign, and every organization and every individual in the city is being brought into the line of battle to clean up on "Old Man Depression."

Well, here is the plan: Issue buttons bearing the inscription "I'm sold on America. I won't talk depression." Get everybody to wear one. Already 10,000 people in Cincinnati are wearing these buttons. The minister of the New Thought Temple preached a powerful sermon against thinking, seeing, or recognizing depression in any of its forms at any time.

We want every man, woman, and child in America to wear our anti-depression buttons and thus end the terrible crisis.

Cincinnati, January 4 Nicholas Klein

Finance

Expatriated Investments

HEAVY declines in the prices of foreign bonds indicate the market's judgment as to the prospects of collecting the sums due American investors by foreign borrowers. Nothing could be more mistaken than to regard all these loans as worthless or even highly doubtful, yet it must be said that the outlook for payment is discouraging in many directions. A long series of defaults or postponements has involved the federal, state, or municipal loans of every South American country except Argentina. Europe is still paying interest and amortization charges, but it now seems probable that little will be accomplished immediately in the way of transferring a substantial amount from Germany on account of the short-term credits owed to American, British, and other banks. Beyond all this looms the reparations impasse.

Out of this rather somber situation there is emerging, in more and more articulate form, the opinion that American business can absorb its losses and enjoy a fair degree of recovery, in spite of anything that may occur abroad. Perhaps the most definite expression of this doctrine was voiced by Mr. Lamont, who recently told a Senate committee: "I think that if we can address ourselves to certain phases of our domestic situation, our foreign situation will in due course take care of itself." There is much to commend this view. We have probably fixed our eyes too closely on events abroad, from the economic standpoint, and have lost sight of the fact that even in so-called normal periods there are vast differences in degrees of prosperity among nations, as indicated by wage scales, wealth, and standards of living. There has been a too easy and uncritical assumption that some sort of uniformity must prevail—an assumption which is easily refuted, on a smaller stage, by recalling that American prosperity in the past has not depended on equalizing the status of a Carolina cotton picker with that of a member of the locomotive engineers' brotherhood.

When all this is said, however, it remains to be admitted that many American industries are facing a situation with respect to foreign trade which at the present moment is extremely difficult. This has to do with those companies which have invested in factories and other plants abroad, either through owned subsidiaries or participation in existing foreign enterprises. A study by the Department of Commerce placed the total of these investments at the end of 1929 at $7,477,735,000. Properties in Canada were valued at $1,960,320,000; those in Europe, $1,352,753,000; in Cuba and the West Indies, $1,053,751,000; in South America, $1,547,895,000. Canada has been especially favored by American corporations because of its proximity, its uniformity of language, law, and currency, and the preferential tariff position it occupies in the British Empire. In the Dominion no fewer than 1,024 investments in factories, mines, utilities, selling agencies, and other enterprises are listed.

This is where the almost world-wide lapse from the gold standard pinches. Corporate investors, in bringing home their interest and dividends, are confronted with a state of disorder in the foreign-exchange market ranging all the way from a 15 per cent discount to absolute prohibition of transfer of funds. A number of companies are withdrawing their current funds, nevertheless, and pocketing the loss; others are leaving them abroad until more favorable opportunities present themselves. Stabilization of exchange, if not return to parity, is a prime requisite for profitable operation of American branches abroad, and stabilization, generally speaking, is nowhere in sight.

S. Palmer Harman

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Books, Music, Films, Drama

The Bore

By MARK VAN DOREN

He was not helped by knowing well
How cold he made us, and how weary.
He must have told himself at last
He was not saved by being sorry.

Better than anyone he saw
The stealthy turn, the trained escape,
Or if he came too soon for these,
How frantic courtesy could wrap

Desire to fly with skill to stay—
A twitching wing beneath the feather;
How within a graying eye
The kindest agony can gather.

And did he witness this too well?
Was then the knowledge but the cause?
Long time we looked, but could not find
A way of learning what he was.

Dispossessed

By LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

As well say wind and water should remain
Steadfast, unfluent, as that you transcend
The element which fuels blood and brain
And fashions you obscurely to its end.
Some will take root and suck from earth what makes
That very immobility to thrive;
And some will cling like martyrs to their stakes,
Knowing that only so can they survive.

How should I ask you, therefore, to transgress
By any spoken pledge or act of grace
A stronger will, your master none the less,
Or hope a trivial snare of time and space
Could hold you captive to a love whose way,
Despite our wish, was never to obey?

Two Critics

Creative Criticism, and Other Essays. By J. E. Spingarn. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

Counter-Statement. By Kenneth Burke. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

THE essays that Mr. Spingarn collected in 1917 under the title of "Creative Criticism" have been out of print, and the present volume consists half of those early essays and half of papers written since that time. Rereading the book, one finds it difficult to account for the high reputation as a critical theorist that Mr. Spingarn once enjoyed, and to some extent still enjoys. For the breadth and thoroughness of his literary scholarship one can have only the profoundest respect; and his prose, far from being dull or pedantic, is vigorous and even eloquent. But his ideas are rather thin, and his logic is appalling.

The opening essay, The New Criticism, is the least defensible in the volume. One hardly knows whether it would be good sportsmanship to analyze it calmly, for it was written in 1910, and Mr. Spingarn in a prefatory note remarks that the essays written between 1910 and 1913 "naturally do not adequately represent my present opinions." But as Mr. Spingarn has seen fit to reprint it, as much of his reputation a decade ago was based on it, and as for the most part it says in a sweeping way what later essays say more temperately, it may be well to look at it. It sets forth the Crocean idea that "art is expression." Now I have no wish to question the truth of this idea; it seems to me, on the contrary, so completely obvious that I am at a loss to understand why it should be considered a *theory* of art, and why it should be set forth, either by Croce or Mr. Spingarn, with so much insistence and bellicosity. It is precisely as if someone were to tell us that "language is expression" and expect us to regard the phrase as a remarkably revelatory philological doctrine. When Mr. Spingarn goes on to say of Croce that "he has led aesthetic thought inevitably from the concept that art is expression to the conclusion that all expression is art," he advances from a truism to an absurdity. If all expression is art, then if I say "Rubbish," that's art.

One is compelled to apply the same blunt type of criticism to Mr. Spingarn's insistence that the sole question the critic has a right to ask when confronted with a work of art is: "What was the author's intention, and how far has he succeeded in carrying it out?" The first thing to be said of this standard is that the critic can seldom *know* what the author's intention was; he can merely *infer* it from the work actually before him. But waiving this point, the intention itself may be modest, or trivial, or even silly. And a work that succeeds in achieving a low aim is not necessarily better than one that fails to achieve a much more ambitious aim. Sensitive to the criticism made of this standard, Mr. Spingarn insists in one of his later essays that his previous use of the word "intention" was misunderstood. "The poet's real 'intention,'" he now writes, "is to be found, not in one or another of the various ambitions that flit through his mind, but in the actual work of art which he creates. His poem is his 'intention.'" But if that is what he means, why does he confuse the issue by bringing in the question of "intention" at all?

There is, of course, a certain justification for Mr. Spingarn's insistence on this point. A critic who *ignores* an artist's intention, who judges a work of art merely by its success or failure in living up to his own preconceptions or in adhering to some conventional form, will surely be a bad critic. As Mr. Spingarn remarks, no criticism of any poem "is possible without a realization of 'the spirit in which its author writ.'" But this seems to me merely a statement of an obvious precaution that every intelligent critic ought to take; one can hardly dignify it by calling it a "theory of criticism."

Mr. Spingarn seems constitutionally incapable of correcting one error without embracing the opposite error, and stating it in such an extreme form as to discredit what is valid in his criticism. In one chapter, for example, he is not content to point out that in the transition from rhymed verse to blank verse to vers libre to rhythmic prose it is often difficult to say where verse ends and prose begins; he denies the validity of the distinction between the two forms, which is much as if he were to deny the distinction between day and night because there is no exact minute in the twilight period when one becomes the other. His essay on The New Criticism could have performed an important service in clearing away a good deal of pedantry and in discrediting the moralistic preoccupations of

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the American humanists, but Mr. Spingarn so overstated his case that he ended by putting art in a moral, intellectual, and social vacuum. Of course it is impossible to maintain any such position without inconsistency, and we even find Mr. Spingarn contradicting in one sentence what he has told us in the one immediately preceding. Thus, on page 28:

> Her [Beauty's] imaginary creations, by definition, *make no pretense to reality*, and cannot be judged by reality's tests. The poet's only moral duty, as a poet, is to be true to his art, and to express his *vision of reality* as well as he can.

The italics are mine.

Finally, it is curious that Mr. Spingarn, who makes so able a criticism of Mr. Babbitt's scholarship and moralism, should embrace the same meaningless dualism that Mr. Babbitt does, contrasting "truth inside the spirit of man" with truth "outside," and should refer to the sciences with the same patronizing air, insisting that "whatever value they may have on the plane of our practical lives, they must be left behind when we enter the realm of spiritual values"—as if our knowledge of ourselves and of the universe could possibly be irrelevant to our scale of values.

"All art is lyrical," writes Mr. Spingarn at one point, and he sometimes seems to think that all criticism should be lyrical, too, and even all theories of criticism. In any case, he chronically uses words for their emotive appeal, and not with any nice regard for their value as tools of analysis. When we turn to Mr. Burke we turn to a much more realistic thinker, and, incidentally, a much subtler one. I make bold to say, indeed, that "Counter-Statement" is one of the most brilliant books on critical theory ever written in America; certainly one need not hesitate to rank it with any contemporary European work of its type. It seems to suffer, if anything, from an excess of ideas; at least the major criticism I have to make of it is that these ideas sometimes stumble over one another, while collateral ideas are constantly pulling the author off at a tangent, so that the reader has difficulty sometimes in knowing precisely where Mr. Burke is trying to take him. Allied to this is the criticism that Mr. Burke, who writes for the most part extremely well, occasionally indulges in a pedantically elliptical style, and keeps jolting his reader against wedged-in parentheses.

It is impossible here to give an adequate summary of "Counter-Statement," largely because of the very multiplicity of its ideas, and one can merely refer the reader to the book itself. But two essays, Psychology and Form, and The Status of Art, stand out. The latter is a masterly discussion of the function of art and the contemporary need for it, but Mr. Burke is careful not to overstate his case: "One cannot advocate art as a cure for toothache," he reminds us, 'without disclosing the superiority of dentistry." The essay on Psychology and Form opens with an acute analysis of the scene in "Hamlet" immediately preceding the entrance of the ghost of Hamlet's father. Mr. Burke shows how adroitly Shakespeare plays upon the expectations of the audience, whetting, frustrating, surprising, and gratifying them. The scene, he holds, is a perfect illustration of the relationship between psychology and form, and indicates how the one is to be defined in terms of the other. Literary form, in brief, is in essence not something arbitrary, imposed, or merely conventional; it is implicit in subject matter; it is an arousing and fulfilment of desires: a work has form in so far as one part of it leads a reader to anticipate another part, and to be gratified by the sequence.

I cannot close without a reference to Mr. Burke's admirable little essay in his final pages in defense of "rhetoric." The reader of modern prose is constantly on his guard against "rhetoric," yet the word, by lexicographer's definition, refers merely to "the use of language in such a way as to produce a desired impression upon the hearer or reader." In accordance with this definition, effective literature could be nothing else but rhetoric: thus the resistance to rhetoric *qua* rhetoric must be due to a faulty analysis. To an extent, this resistance is a revolt against an overemphasizing of the traditionally ceremonious, and as such wholesome, but in turning against the specific methods of specific rhetoricians, modern writers persuaded themselves that they were turning against rhetoric *in toto*. The great danger of this, Mr. Burke insists, is that it leads to a denigration of form, and such a denigration cannot become widespread without leading to an impoverished literature.

HENRY HAZLITT

Photography as an Art

Eyes on Russia. By Margaret Bourke-White. With a Foreword by Maurice Hindus. Simon and Schuster. $5.
David Octavius Hill. By Heinrich Schwarz. The Viking Press. $6.

MISS BOURKE-WHITE is a young American photographer well known for her pictures of American industry. In 1930 she spent five busy weeks in Russia, took some four hundred photographs, and now presents us with forty of them in a volume which contains also a gay and amusing account of her adventures. Anyone who has had even the briefest experience with Soviet officials will appreciate her description of their enthusiastic, cordial, inefficient cooperation, and will be, besides, in a position to appreciate the difficulties overcome in making these striking pictures in a country where cameras are so rare that the possession of one is enough to attract the curious eye of every passer-by.

Miss Bourke-White includes several arresting portraits of various Russian types, but she has concentrated upon different phases of industry and she has managed somehow to suggest something of the Russian attitude toward the machine. Doubtless the strangely beautiful effect of certain of her pictures—like that of the loom-tender seen through the threads which rise to the great pyramid of spools—is the result of her arrangement alone. Doubtless the same effect could have been achieved in almost any American spinning-mill. But the effect is, nevertheless, one which interprets the attitude of a people to whom industry is an idea as well as a physical fact, and for that very reason it is appropriate in a way that a romanticizing of our factories often is not.

From a purely pictorial standpoint these pictures should interest photographers as well as those who will be fascinated by the glimpses which they afford into the daily life of the Russian worker. So much nonsense has been talked on both sides of the question "Is photography an art?" that an object lesson like this has a very real value for the simple reason that it exemplifies so admirably the kind of effect which photography can produce. Primarily these pictures are documents, and the fact that they are supposed to convey information is never forgotten. Miss Bourke-White never selects forms purely for their own sakes, or carries "interpretation" to the point where the camera becomes merely a mechanical instrument for the imitation of bad paintings. But she does use her knowledge of light, shadow, and viewpoint to capture the most suggestive aspect of any given actuality, and she presents us with a record of something which is significant, not because it has been imagined, but because it has been selected. She recognizes the fact that photography is one of the arts in which truth to fact plays a relatively important part, and the result is something worth a good deal more than all the pseudo-Corots turned out by the old school of "artistic" photographers as well as all the "arrangements" and "montages" produced by the futile labors of the "moderns."

The volume devoted to Hill is a sumptuously printed album

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containing a memoir and eighty reproductions of the pictures (mostly portraits) which he took during the forties of the last century. Hill was a Scotchman who worked at the very beginning of photography and who did not use even the then newly calculated Petzval lens; but it would be difficult to find any portraits more full of character than those which he took of the iron-visaged Victorians who came to his studio. Since his time the photographer has been relieved of many limitations, but he has hardly improved upon work of the sort which was possible within the limitations imposed upon Hill by his materials.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

"War Guilt" and France

War and Diplomacy in the French Republic. By Frederick L. Schuman. Whittlesey House. $4.

THIS is a capital monograph on the history and methods of contemporary diplomacy. It is a very timely, important, and trustworthy volume. The book presents a careful analysis of the machinery of foreign policy in France and of the psychology which runs this machinery.

Able as the portions of the book devoted to these aspects of the subject may be, the greatest interest resides in Part II. Here the author presents in some 250 pages a thorough and up-to-date summary of French diplomatic history under the Third Republic. This is especially valuable, for such a treatment has hitherto been lacking in English. The pre-war diplomatic history of most of the other principals in the crisis of 1914 has been treated in authoritative monographs, but the developments in France have been dealt with only incidentally.

Especially important is Dr. Schuman's discussion of the diplomatic revolution of 1912-14 and of the part played by French statesmen in the crisis of 1914. He recognizes clearly the significance of the ousting of Caillaux and the elevation of Poincaré to the premiership.

> From Caillaux to Poincaré was a step from conciliation and cooperation with Germany to a policy of vigorous self-reliance and determined assertion of national interests. . . . His [Poincaré's] determination to take a firm stand against Berlin in future controversies was perhaps an expression of a deeper and unconfessed resolution to do all in his power to regain the "lost provinces" for the Republic and to crush the German "menace" once and for all. This could be achieved not by diplomacy but only by war. Izvolsky was moved by corresponding sentiments and ambitions. He, too, could gain his objective only by war—since diplomacy had failed.

Such was the background of events from 1912 to 1914. Dr. Schuman traces the developments with skill and impartiality. He shows the linkage of the Straits and Alsace-Lorraine in the Dual Alliance of France and Russia; indicates how Izvolsky induced Poincaré to promise French aid in a war over the Balkans, provided Germany came to the aid of Austria; describes the bribery of the French press by Russian gold to win over the French public to support this policy; shows how the support of England was gradually rendered more probable if not certain; and outlines the manner in which France and Russia were creating a firm front for any European crisis.

Coming to the dramatic and moving events of the period from June 28 to August 5, 1914, Dr. Schuman presents the facts in resolute fashion. He makes it clear that Poincaré's visit to Russia late in July, 1914, greatly strengthened the Russian militarists and helped them to decide to use the assassination crisis as the episode to precipitate the war over the Straits. He reveals the misrepresentation of German diplomacy by Berthelot and its effect upon the Paris press. He does not hesitate to expose Paléologue's misrepresentation of the Russian mobilization or the gross falsification of the facts in regard to it in the French "Yellow Book" (pp. 232-33). He does not endeavor to conceal the fact that the French offered no resistance to the Russian general mobilization, even though they knew it meant inevitable European war, or that the French government made the final decision for war with enthusiasm.

In short, Dr. Schuman shows clearly enough that the French could not have more skilfully forwarded war policies in the summer of 1914 and that they did nothing of any significance to avert the calamity. His chief oversight lies in not contrasting with this the repeated and firm pressure exerted on Austria by the German government, but Fay has established this fact for all time.

Dr. Schuman thus writes as an advanced revisionist. The reviewer could not ask for a more complete confirmation of the indictment of France in his "Genesis of the World War." To anticipate and avert any controversy in *The Nation* over this point, he would suggest that any curious person read Chapters III and VII of that book, compare it with Dr. Schuman's treatment, and form his own judgment on the matter.

The most astonishing aspect of the book remains to be pointed out. About a year ago Dr. Schuman reviewed Professor Schmitt's "Coming of the War, 1914" in *The Nation* and commended it most warmly. The reviewer cannot imagine a more damaging implicit criticism of Schmitt's treatment of France than Dr. Schuman's work. Further, in his preface to the present book, Dr. Schuman states that Professor Schmitt has read and criticized Part II. One can only remark that the ways of history professors in the United States are frequently beyond the understanding of ordinary mortals.

HARRY ELMER BARNES

"I Saw Thrones"

Everyman Remembers. By Ernest Rhys. Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. $4.

THE generation of young literary aspirants who came to London during the eighties and nineties has now for twenty years been giving us, out of the mellow memories of its old age, the records of an enchanted youth. Apparently London was never before or since so magical a city for the hopeful novice in verse, drama, and novel-writing. Parnassians, noble Romans, blooming aesthetes, pontifical critics, and cloud-girt Olympians thronged its streets, clubs, theaters, and drawing-rooms. In the age of professional beauties, venerable theatrical stars, and canonized royalty, the man of letters likewise claimed a homage and a luxury too seldom his. The glamor of celebrity haunted every writer who had made the slightest stir in the reviews, but for gods like Tennyson, Browning, Meredith, and Morris was conjured up a reverence usually reserved for kingship and sainthood. The city quaked with the excitement of new books, new plays, the *Yellow Book,* and under-tremors of scandal; with the additional enthusiasm aroused by the "young anger" of revolutionary groups like the Rhymers' Club, the Celtic Revival, the Decembrists, and the Fabians, the air managed to seethe with the fervor that makes literature. Even the now historical literary "bull market" in America between 1912 and 1922 appears curtailed in comparison. From the calmer vantage-point of 1931 it is possible to be callous about much of the uproar, but for Ernest Rhys, who played his active part in that age and in our own, the excitement was contagious and the grandeur authentic. The sincerity with which he transfers them to his volume of memoirs gives his book, in spite of its defects of form and style, a respectable

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place beside the similar records of Le Gallienne, Beerbohm, Yeats, and their contemporaries.

From obscure Welsh beginnings and a false start in the mining business, Rhys approached London on no velvet drugget. His charming poetic endowment, while sufficiently real to make him—with Yeats and Rolleston—one of the three original members of the Rhymers, was never strong enough to insure him a post among the front-rank celebrities. His critical abilities were likewise frail. As an editor, however, his enthusiasm and foresight not only placed him in the front rank of the publishing profession, but made him an adviser and host to three literary generations. Entering, virtually by accident, the publishing world, he set going the Camelot Series for Walter Scott, Ltd. Shortly afterward he conceived and launched for J. M. Dent the now classical Everyman's Library, of which he still remains editor. Of this undertaking he writes his most humble pages, but it will remain his greatest claim to eminence. The cordiality with which he popularized the classics and encouraged publishers to print the work of young writers was undoubtedly the secret of his friendship with Swinburne and Watts-Dunton at Putney, with Conrad in Kent, with Yeats and "Æ" and the Irish writers; with Russian exiles like Kropotkin and Stepniak; with Whitman, Lowell, Holmes, and the Stedman circle in New York; with Lawrence, Pound, Ford, and the new spirits of 1910; with, indeed, an almost interminable procession of talents and geniuses through fifty years of eager and generous service in the cause of writing. Such service cannot be too critical of its masters. Rhys's memoirs have no value as criticism, but among the garrulities and sentiments of recent literary reminiscence "Everyman Remembers" stands out for the engaging ardor whereby Rhys made his valuable contribution to the creative enlightenment of a part of two centuries.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

The Alibi Department

Power Ethics. By Jack Levin. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

"THE recent history of political malfeasance in office, showing the rise of privileged groups above regulation, above law, is only possible where the public has been misled through misinformation or through no information at all," declares Jack Levin, of the research staff of the People's Legislative Service, in his analysis of the most deliberate, most wholesale, most highly organized campaign of misinformation in the peace-time history of the United States.

He has carefully analyzed and then synthesized the material gathered by the Federal Trade Commission in a three years' investigation of the propaganda of the public utilities, particularly the electric utilities. He finds this glaring paradox—that the very industries which cannot be depended upon to serve the public *physically* without State or national regulation have managed to serve the same public *mentally* with material of their own choosing, thus making it possible to persuade that public against its own interest to nullify the regulatory acts designed to protect it.

This propaganda was initiated and largely carried on through the efforts of the Insulls, although the National Electric Light Association was *particeps criminis,* and its component companies share the responsibility. The propaganda mill operated chiefly through so-called "information committees." Heading each was a director, who was thus described by the head of the Georgia Information Committee: "You may look upon him . . . as the head of the alibi department, the fixer . . . the undertaker's assistant, suave of manner, discreetly clothed, who moves here and there during the inquest trying to put the best possible face on the murder."

Concealing the true authorship of the propaganda, whether operating through school or college, church, lodge, service or women's clubs, through the press or motion picture, the privately owned public utilities sought to insinuate, in the guise of informative or educational material, a viewpoint favorable to their *status quo* of excessive profits and absence of effective regulation.

Mr. Levin quotes from the record the following suggestive incident:

> There was a very prominent lady in the community . . . member of the Literary Club . . . of the W. C. T. U., and a number of organizations. She gave an afternoon tea, and in the course of the party . . . brought the conversation around to the subject of State water and power acts, and said rather casually, "My banker tells me that that is an iniquitous and dangerous measure," and with a little comment of that kind passed on. Those who were at the tea did not realize until the investigation came out that she had been paid (by the private utilities) . . . to buy cakes and cookies for the giving of that party.

Wherever possible the true purpose of this propaganda was disguised. "A $1,875 payment to a college professor and a $4,200 motion-picture bill for farmers are labeled on a voucher 'engineering investigation on wind and ice loading of transmission lines.'"

The amount of free newspaper publicity, in contradistinction to that which was paid for at advertising rates, was enormous. State committee directors boasted how much the "space" they secured would have cost at regular advertising rates. Newspaper publicity for their propaganda was, certainly until the Federal Trade Commission exposé had begun to seep through to a section of the press (that section not controlled by the utilities and their affiliates), extremely easy to secure. The director of publicity in Florida spoke of being so deluged by clippings that a discontinuance of them was necessary, "but," he wrote, "a rough estimate of the editorial and other matter given to us from the Florida newspapers would amount to more than $50,000. The editorial matter could not be purchased at any price." Similarly a private utility reported that its publicity, if paid for, would have cost over a million dollars.

Mr. Levin's study leads him to certain interesting conclusions:

First, that this great variety of charges incurred in the propaganda campaign—$13,284 paid to the past president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs for magazine articles presenting the public-utility view, entertainment charges, country-club dinners, deep-sea fishing trips, payment of Rotary Club dues, hotel and traveling expenses, theater parties for editors, etc., *ad lib.*—were all charged to operating expenses, and that the consumer invariably paid for them in his higher charges for light and power.

Second, that sweeping and comprehensive as the evidence dug up by the Federal Trade Commission has been, it is only a small indication of the true extent of the private-utility activities in our educational system.

Third, that by contrasting the woeful tales uttered by the utility representatives before the establishment of the information committees with their claims of accomplishment a few years later, it is reasonable to assume that "they have succeeded in converting public opinion to their point of view." "It is abundantly clear," says Mr. Levin, "that they have convinced great masses of people that all is well with the regulation of our public utilities and that therefore the citizen should leave matters as they are and go about his own affairs."

The reviewer agrees with that somewhat pessimistic judgment. To a considerable extent the utilities campaign has successfully used the Insull formula of "pinning the bolshevist tag" on those who have contended for effective regulation, who have perceived what a colossal racket the electric public-utility

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industry has become, and have sought reform. Nevertheless, the crudity of the racket, the tremendous inflation of values, the obvious iniquity of the pyramided structure of holding companies, the patent lack of effective regulation should require only a small amount of exposure to bring about a determined movement for reform. The spotlight is really the first essential.

Mr. Levin's book performs that service in a thorough way. His method is that of analysis and deduction, and collation of all the implied facts. The result is perhaps not so vivid a picture and so easily readable an account as were obtained through the method which the reviewer adopted in his own volume on the same subject, where a liberal use of quotations from the utilities' correspondence files permits them to condemn themselves "out of their own mouths," and allows the reader to judge the material itself.

Mr. Levin's approach is probably the more difficult and the more painstaking, and he is entitled to a vote of thanks for making the result of his researches available. Full appreciation and understanding by the public of what he has to tell would result in cutting the light-and-power bill of the nation at least in half, if not lower, and of making that indispensable commodity—electric current—far more widely available, as indeed it ought to be.

ERNEST GRUENING

Books in Brief

From Steerage to Congress. By Richard Bartholdt. Philadelphia: Dorrance and Company. $4.

Richard Bartholdt's memoirs tell the story of a German boy, the son of a revolutionist of 1848, who came to this country at the age of fifteen and worked his way up from printer to Congressman. He served from 1893 to 1915, from the Fifty-third to the Sixty-third Congress, from the Tenth Missouri District, and retired voluntarily to devote himself to public causes, and particularly to that of peace. He was for a time president of the Interparliamentary Union for the Promotion of International Arbitration, was founder and long head of the American group, and has been unceasing in his efforts to bring about international understanding.

While the narrative is somewhat rambling and needs very careful revision, if there is to be another edition, as to facts, names, and dates, which are often erroneous, it is none the less an interesting chronicle of a typical German-American career —typical in its loyalty and devotion to American institutions and faithful service to the second Motherland, but not typical in the quality and distinction of that service. Especially interesting are the accounts of Mr. Bartholdt's interviews with Kaiser Wilhelm, when in 1911 he delivered an address to him on behalf of the President and the Congress of the United States, and also presented to the Kaiser a replica of the Steuben monument in Washington. On one of these occasions the Kaiser said: "Yes, they call me the Peace Kaiser with a jeer. Nevertheless [with great emphasis], I am proud of that title and hope the good Lord may permit me to take it into my grave." It would be a wonderful thing if just at this moment so sturdy and uncompromising a champion for peace and international good-will as Mr. Bartholdt could be heard in Congress.

Jenny Lind. By Edward Wagenknecht. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.

Avowedly a disciple of Gamaliel Bradford, Mr. Wagenknecht here applies the "psychographic" method with more zeal than skill. Analytical wheels whirr and dial readings are recorded to the accompaniment of a voluble exposition—too often in the first person singular. The effect is that of a laboratory demonstration with the lecturer flourishing a pointer over his apparatus and charts. Evidential values have not always been carefully weighed. For example, nearly two pages are devoted to the manner in which Jenny Lind sang the familiar aria, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." The author gravely writes: "It is said that she always placed the accent on 'know,' thus making the utterance, as it were, a personal confession of faith." Inasmuch as the melody is so constructed that the accent cannot be placed anywhere else without disturbing both the balance of the musical phrase and the meaning of the text, it would have been remarkable if she had sung it otherwise. The idiosyncrasies of the Swedish Nightingale as well as the fundamental traits of her character are duly disclosed in sketches, but at no time is the soul-portrait clearly limned in its entirety.

George Gershwin: A Study in American Music. By Isaac Goldberg. Simon and Schuster. $3.50.

Equally conversant with the prosody of Latin America and the idiomatic lyrics of Tin Pan Alley, Dr. Goldberg has written a study of George Gershwin in which eulogy and analysis are neatly combined. It is biography and critique in one. Readers curious about the personality of the most illustrious of jazz composers will find here all they need to know about his manner of living, his methods of work, and his opinions. "What the deuce do I care about jazz?" has implications that may startle his admirers. Dr. Goldberg quotes it to prove that "to George, as to any genuine composer, it is music that comes first. If jazz should threaten to become a hampering stereotype, a 'tradition' in its turn, George would go forward to the next fresh impulse that arose in him." The promise that he will go forward is implicit in the development he has already passed through and in the strongly individual quality of his music. Dr. Goldberg's book is completely sympathetic in tone, and its insouciant style trips a lively pace most of the time.

Digging in Yucatan. By Ann Axtell Morris. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $3.50.

Centuries ago a Maya king decided that people who worked had no time to revolt. So he ordered his architect to tear down one temple and put another above it. The work was begun; but as it progressed, either the king or the architect changed his mind a good many times. The result is the Temple of the Warriors at Chichen Itza, an oft-changed yet beautiful building whose shifting plans and styles record the decline of an Indian kingdom. As the kingdom fell, so did the temple, and for hundreds of years it lay in ruins. When Mrs. Morris and her husband came to Yucatan in 1924, the building lay under soil and trees. This book tells of their removal, of the discovery of one temple beneath another, of the engineering and scientific feats performed in putting those buildings back together. The volume is lively as well as informing.

City Child. By Selma Robinson. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.

Selma Robinson knows her medium perfectly and never overtaxes it; hers is charming magazine verse on the many themes of human life, loneliness, tenderness, whimsical sophistication, slight cynicism. It is the kind of verse everyone understands and reads and enjoys. In form it is perfect, just subtle enough—just gay and bitter enough, too, in idea. It never overshoots the mark in seriousness or in false humor; the tone is the modern tone of the young woman grown up in the city. The little volume is decorated with tiny woodcuts and drawings by Rockwell Kent.

The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri. Translated by Jefferson Butler Fletcher. The Macmillan Company. $5.

Professor Fletcher's Dante is of course the work of a careful student in the field—and one, furthermore, who is ac-

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complished in the writing of verse. His determination, however, to dispense with the linkage between his tercets—to write, that is to say, aba, cdc, efe, and so on—seems hardly to be vindicated by the result, which is a jerky and bumpy poem. Dante was often involved, and Professor Fletcher follows his involutions like a master; but Dante, by writing aba, bcb, cdc, and so on, was never without the effect of continuity. Professor Fletcher often is, and this makes his translation not infrequently inferior to several others which, imperfect though they are, have adhered strictly to the rhyme scheme of the original.

Music

Composer and Performer

IT would be difficult to find two pianists, I suppose, who would less like to be compared with each other than Harry Cumpson and Harriet Cohen, and there are certainly few more contrasted than they. But although each would probably consider assurance of that fact an occasion for self-congratulation, neither would be right in doing so. For it is just in those things in which they most differ that each could profitably learn from the other.

Mr. Cumpson's purpose is to convey the message of the music he plays as simply as possible. It is the purpose of every sincere artist—Miss Cohen doubtless included. He strives for clean, quiet, accurate playing from which as far as possible any trace of his personality shall be effaced in favor of the composer. But he has allowed an excellent principle to become a fetish, and in his unceasing effort to avoid overstatement he has forgotten that habitual understatement is equally inaccurate. Miss Cohen appears not to be afraid of overstatement; in her desire not to miss the slightest inflection she frequently lapses into gross exaggeration.

A revealing thing about an unbalanced art like that of either of these two is that at the most unexpected places the most contradictory tendencies appear. Thus Mr. Cumpson plays on for pages with dogmatic monotony of color and rhythm, and with lofty disregard of important phrase inflections and articulations, only to seize upon the indicated phrasing in the first variation of the Beethoven Sonata, Opus 26, as the occasion for a caesura so exaggerated as to interrupt seriously the four-measure flow of the rhythm. And Miss Cohen, after lavishing excessive tenderness on many undeserving phrases, is content to skip with the most complete nonchalance over the structurally and expressively important trill that comes at the end of the early tonic pedal in the Bach A-minor Organ Prelude.

The shortcomings of both these artists are due, I think, to faulty emphasis in their conceptions of the function of the interpreting artist: Mr. Cumpson mistaking literalness for faithfulness, and thinking that a sincere performance is one that converts the contents of the printed page into sound, adding nothing, or as little as possible, in the process; Miss Cohen substituting her own sentiments for the composer's, placing unmerited reliance upon her intuitions, allowing the forest to be hidden by the trees.

The obvious truth is that neither in strict nor in loose construction will a satisfactory interpretation be found. For to realize the necessity that Miss Cohen ignores—that of making sure that the composer's intentions are not clouded by the introduction of irrelevant sentiments, or his gentler and lighter remarks inflated into grandiose or pathetic pronouncements—is only half the battle; and the other half, to which Mr. Cumpson unfortunately shuts his eyes, consists in realizing that while the substitution of one's personal emotions for those of the composer is unwarranted, the mere literal reproduction of the com-

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poser's indicated intentions does not make a vital—that is, an accurate—interpretation of his true meaning. If the interpreter's own thoughts and emotions are taboo, he must at least share those of the composer. He must, for the duration of his role as interpreter, try to reincarnate the composer, and not be afraid to speak his meaning as well as his words with vigor and imagination. Nor dare he forget the inadequacy of the notation by which composers give but a hint of their intentions, or become so absorbed in accurately reproducing the things indicated that he loses sight of the intentions which that notation is unable to convey.

Miss Cohen gives us many impressions delightful in themselves, but their connection with the main tendency of the music is often questionable. She wastes considerable pianistic resources—a quite unusual tonal range, and often delightful sensitiveness and imagination in phrasing—by failing to employ them in an organized way toward well-defined ends. Mr. Cumpson, on the other hand, wastes the fine intellectual and formal grasp he has on music by allowing the sensitive, imaginative, intuitive side of his interpretative powers to atrophy, and so cheating his playing of the living force it must have to be faithful interpretation.

I often wonder whether a review like this which points out prominent shortcomings in the playing of accomplished musicians does not give a quite false impression of their art. Perhaps it would be a serious omission in this one, for example, not to make it clear that while definite weaknesses prevent either Harry Cumpson or Harriet Cohen from giving thoroughly satisfactory performances, there is much to be enjoyed and a great deal to be learned from each of them, and that I should not like to miss performances by either of music that interests me.

ARTHUR MENDEL

Films

"Spectacle" vs. Story

IT has been indicated before in this column that the greatest defect of the American film is its tendency to be spectacular at the expense of being convincing. "Mata Hari," in which Greta Garbo is starred (Capitol), is one of the more gorgeous examples of the tendency. The story of the beautiful German spy, the dancer who bought war secrets with the international and highly negotiable currency of love, is so melodramatic in itself that only warm characterization, a simple plot, and convincing motivation could make it human and therefore touching. The present production is unfortunately only a spectacle through which Miss Garbo moves, always competently but with static coldness. The character of Mata Hari is neither established nor developed. In justice to Miss Garbo it must be said that the fault seems to lie more with the producer and the director than with her ability as an actress. Wherever it lies, however, the result is the same. The story has no center. Besides being synthetic it is also elaborate and long drawn out. The settings are lavish, and Miss Garbo's gowns render her forbiddingly beautiful rather than irresistible. Lewis Stone is badly miscast as the master-spy; Ramon Novarro, who plays opposite Miss Garbo, is ineffectual; and the performance of Lionel Barrymore, who provides the only authentic implication of pathos, is lost in the general grandeur.

It is a different sort of precocity which keeps a really admirable venture from achieving success. The new version of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (Rivoli) falls between the two stools of Freudian psychology and simple "horror." Modern psychology is introduced into the outlines of the Stevenson tale, and this interpretation of the old theme if consistently followed might have produced significant drama. Instead, the producer took the easier as well as the more spectacular way, and accordingly the handsome Dr. Jekyll, after drinking a chemical cocktail, turns before one's eyes into a repulsive, apelike Mr. Hyde who rapes and murders and in general terrorizes the town. Accordingly also the play loses most of its significance as modern drama. Since Stevenson's day, through the kindly offices of Dr. Freud, "bestiality" has been so completely stripped of its horrific Victorian implications that the loathsome Hyde is quite implausible. What is more to the point dramatically, a really subtle and effective as well as thoroughly modern Jekyll-Hyde would dispense with drastic make-up. Without it, the characterization would of course require an excellent brand of acting, but Fredric March's work in the present version indicates that he could handle it. The rest of the cast, and in fact the picture as a whole, need not be touched. The settings are very well conceived, and the imaginative camera work is an integral part of the production. Rouben Mamoulian has given it sensitive and intelligent direction; and Miriam Hopkins's interpretation of the little music-hall girl who is the victim of Hyde's brutality, combined with the tortured Dr. Jekyll of Mr. March, endows the picture with a quality that is haunting in spite of the unreal element of horror which finally defeats it.

The theme of "Zwei Menschen" (Little Carnegie), which depicts a painful struggle between the church and human love, with the church winning out, is emotionally remote from American audiences. But the high valleys of the Tyrolean Alps where the film was made are pleasant to look upon and the play is very well acted. "Secrets of the Orient" (Europa), a German silent film, relates one of the tales of Scheherezade to the accompaniment of Rimsky-Korsakoff's music. The adventures of Ali the cobbler are pleasantly absorbing, even though the settings, which are intentionally fantastic, may be distracting to those who feel that a dream, to be effective, must appear if anything more real than reality.

MARGARET MARSHALL

Drama

Ten-Twenty-Thirt'

THE producers of "Berlin" (Cohan Theater) played an elaborate if unintentional joke upon the professional first-nighters, for it was vaguely suggested that the new play was to be "something like 'Grand Hotel,'" and the audience assembled with all the deferential solemnity appropriate to a predestined success. The ermine coats were out in respectable numbers, even the cagiest of the "first-string" critics were present, and the first ten minutes of the show itself seemed to promise something pretentious at least. There was a round of applause for the elaborate setting, an appropriate "Ah!" for the trick lighting of the scene, and then half an hour, at least, during which there was a stubborn refusal to believe the all too obvious fact that everyone was in for nothing more or less than a ten-twenty-thirty melodrama of the rankest variety. Spies spied; vamps vamped; ingenues acted innocent; and a perfectly blood-curdling chief of the secret police turned up on his club foot with distressing regularity until the time came for him to walk calmly into a clout on the head and thus allow the hero and heroine to escape gaily out of a house which even a village constable would have had surrounded.

And what do you suppose it was all about? Those very same "papers" which even the patrons of vaudeville now know to be as irresistibly funny as a reference to dill pickles or Bismarck herring, and which, in this particular instance, are sup-

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Why does one form of economy replace another? The rise of national and imperial economy. Inter-national economy. Modifications in the productive forces. Shifts in class power. Speeding up and directing the economic process.

Jan. 28—*The Beginning of World Economy*
Is a new economy emerging? The decay of national and imperial economy. Exploitation. War. Expansion. Revolution. The first stage of a world economy.

Feb. 4—*Purposive Economics*
Can economic forces be controlled and directed? The bankruptcy of laissez-faire. The goal: a decent living for the human race. Role of the economic expert. New economic principles for a new economic era.

Feb. 11—*Economic Planning*
Is a world five-year plan possible? The chaos of a planless world. The principles of planned economy. A world budget. World planning and world planners.

Feb. 18—*The Organization of Production*
Can the world's productive system be rationalized? Competition, duplication, waste. Industrialization. Mobilizing the world's resources, tools and man power to provide for the needs of mankind.

Feb. 25—*Money Power*
What role will money play in the new world economy? Money as a yardstick for barter; as an agency of exploitation. Value and its measurement. A stable money unit.

Mar. 3—*Price Control*
What shall determine prices? Supply and demand. Failure of the open market. Monopoly. Prices, taxation, the budget, and self-supporting commodities.

Mar. 10—*The Division of Income*
How shall the social income be divided? The "grab" system. Individual and social income. Income according to need; to product. Guaranteeing income.

Mar. 17—*The Administration of World Economy*
What administrative system will develop with world economy? Natural economy and the nation; international economy and the League of Nations; world economy and a league of industries. A sovereign world parliament, directing a socialized, planned, world economy.

At the Community Church, now meeting at

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posed to contain something which must be got to England in order to prevent the British fleet from going somewhere or other on the eve of the Great War. But their contents are so inviolably secret that the audience is never given a hint as to what they are or why the handsome young spy who knows all about them should not take the next boat across the Channel and tell somebody or other likely to meet an admiral or two at dinner. And why, I may ask still further, do secret agents who ought to be hard to find invariably frequent the most popular restaurants in the company of double-crossing adventuresses who look and act about as safe as cobras? It is true that they appear—on the evidence of various *causes célèbres*—to do just that, but there is no reason why melodrama should be so scrupulously true to life in that one aspect which appears most improbable.

Evidently the sponsors of the play had in mind the fact that various melodramas inherently as preposterous as this one have enjoyed a real success before proudly sophisticated audiences. Probably they had "Broadway" or "Grand Hotel" in their memories and nourished false hopes upon the quite justified belief that "Berlin" is no worse, *sub specie aeternitatis,* than they were. But what they ought to have remembered is the elementary fact that the eye of eternity has little to do with current success, and that bad melodramas go over only when there is something superficially novel or superficially veracious about them. Hard-boiled reporters, sentimental bootleggers, and virgin-hearted hostesses of Broadway night clubs are relatively new, but secret police, sinister German princes, and above all "the papers" are hopelessly worn out. A few years hence one set will seem as funny as the other, but this is 1932—and not 1902 or 1942.

None of the other events of a very busy but not very distinguished post-holiday week require more than a brief mention. At the Royale Theater Ernest Vajda's "Fata Morgana" stands up very well indeed in a revival after eight years; so too does Noel Coward's irresponsible comedy "Hay Fever," which, after an interval of seven, is being seen again at the Avon. And if Henry J. Byron's "The Lancashire Lass" stands up very badly indeed, it was intended to do so by the Victorian Players, who are offering it as the first of a projected series of spoofing revivals at the President Theater, while the spectator may well devote a few minutes of astonishment to the fact that Henry Irving was a member of the original cast.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Contributors to This Issue

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